

YOUNG GRANDISON.

A SERIES OF
L E T T E R S
FROM
YOUNG PERSONS
TO THEIR
F R I E N D S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF
MADAME DE CAMBON.

WITH
ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

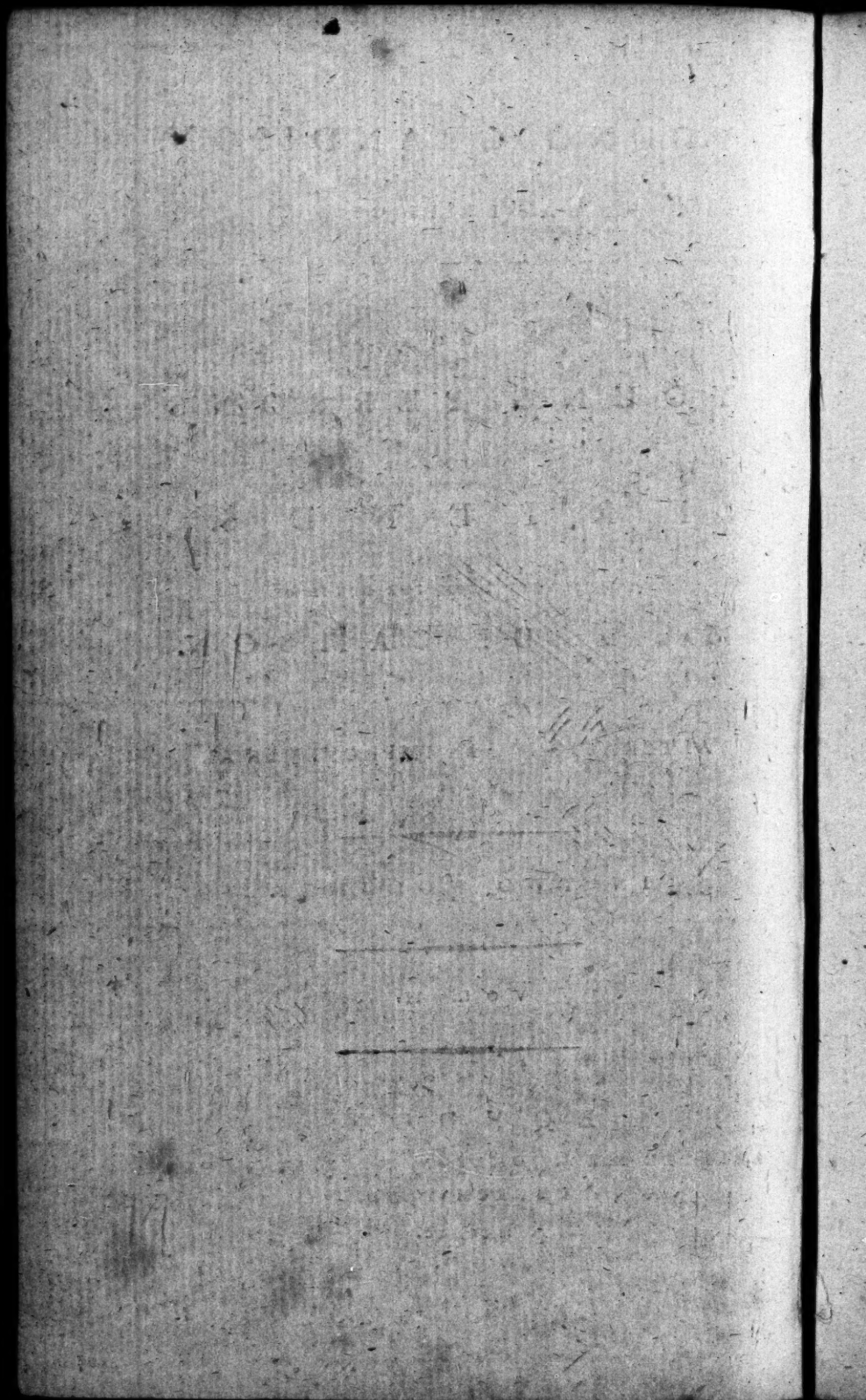
IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

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M D C C I X.



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YOUNG & BRADSHAW

A. BRADSHAW

THE NEW YORK

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YOUNG GRANDISON.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM D—— *to young* CHARLES GRANDISON.

I WISH to inform you, my dear Grandison, what joy I felt when I returned back again to a dearly loved mother.— But, no;—you who love your parents so tenderly, can easily imagine what I cannot describe. How full of transport was the moment, when, after a year's absence, I again embraced the dear guardian of my youth. It was very early in the morning when we entered

VOL. II.

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2 YOUNG GRANDISON.

the city; my mother, as we had not had a fair wind, did not expect me, and of course was in bed. My first eager desire made me ascend the stairs; but as I was hastening to her bedchamber I recollected myself, and returned softly back. It is still dark, thought I, shall I disturb her repose, by my sudden appearance at her bedside? Certainly not. That would be mistaken love, mere selfish affection. You will, I think, approve of this prudence. Mean while I was full of impatience: a thousand times I wished her to wake, counted the minutes, and listened continually.— At length the moment arrived; my heart beat quick; I almost flew up the stairs; but again I stopped myself, and resting on the last stair, I called out, Here is your own William, dear mother, may I come in? Was I not right, my friend? for the sudden surprise of seeing me, would have been too much for her spirits.

spirits. Before I could well hear her answer my patience was exhausted, and I rushed in, and was at her bedside out of breath; I could only say, My dear mother. She pressed me to her bosom, crying, My William, my son!—and we both wept together: but they were delightful tears: I never in my life experienced so much heart-felt satisfaction.

My sister Annette hurried on her clothes as soon as she heard of my arrival, and jumped about me half mad with joy. She then ran for the doll, which your sister Emilia sent her, and made me observe how well she had preserved it, and asked twenty questions in a breath about this dear sister of your's. In the midst of them, the maid came to tell her that her writing master waited for her. I wish it was an hour earlier, said she, with tears in her eyes; the moment I see you I am forced to leave you; another day, I should not mind writing

4 YOUNG GRANDISON.

four copies; but to-day I know not how to go. Well, said my mother, observing the tears she tried to hide, we will desire the master, for this time, to excuse you. Annette stood a moment irresolute, then ran to her mother, and said, it is from pure goodness that you indulge me; but I know you would rather I did not neglect my writing. Besides, good Mr. M— might be displeased with me; it would not be right to send such an old man away, I will take my lesson. Would not Emilia do so? and she skipped out of the room.

I believe all children might be induced to learn to read and write, if it was made an amusement to them, without all that gloom which generally accompanies lessons. Children are very fond of imitating men if they are allowed to follow their own inclinations; yet are averse to constraint: but you will think me too serious. And I hasten to tell you what
I suffered

LETTER I.

5

I suffered when I left your dear family. Your father's kindness melted my very soul, and even the expectation of seeing the best of parents did not cheer me when I first got into the packet-boat. Farewell, sometime think of your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM.

P. S. The anniversary of Emilia's birth is now past without my being able to celebrate it with you. With what delight should I have gathered her a nosegay of my best flowers, those hyacinths and jonquils, which I raised with so much care. But I was denied that pleasure; my heart longs to tell her all the good wishes you must now present to her in my name. May she be as happy as I wish her to be! I need say no more.

LETTER II.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

BELIEVE me, my dear William, I very severely feel your absence: you will be convinced of this when I tell you, that this house, in which my best friends, my parents' reside, for the first time in my life appeared dreary to me. I ran from room to room, and could scarcely believe that I am at home. I went into the chamber where we used to amuse ourselves; but vainly did I endeavour to pursue the same employments; I recollected, every instant, that I was alone, and should have wept, only I was ashamed of being so weak. My greatest pleasure was in looking over your drawings, and pointing out their beauties to Emilia.

I did

I did not forget to present to her your fine flowers, and she instantly put them in water, that she might for a long time enjoy their fragrance.

I agree with you, William, that it is very pleasant to be employed; but I am afraid I should not always have thought so if Dr. Bartlett had not taken so much pains to make my employments amusements. He has frequently reminded me, that every duty soon becomes a pleasure. How then can men neglect their duties merely to be idle; the most lazy burthens on society, he added, would think it a severe punishment, if during their whole life they were not allowed to do any thing. How miserable would they be, though surrounded with all the conveniences, and even superfluities of life. We should be happier rowing in the gallies, than in this settled listless state, which puts a stop to all improvement, for improve-

8 YOUNG GRANDISON.

ment is the main end of life, as it raises us above the brutes, and enables us to please God. I am sure he was right, for when I have reluctantly begun to work, I soon found it very pleasant, so that I wished to go on, particularly when we have been digging in our garden, or using our turning tools. Nay, it has been the same when I have been reading or drawing.

I must now have done, for it is nine o'clock, the hour I attend Dr. Bartlett, and he expects me to be very punctual, if I have not a good reason to give for my delay. Remember me to your mother and sister, and write often to yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LET-

LETTER III.

WILLIAM to CHARLES.

How agreeable, my dear Charles, has Dr. Bartlett made my life; by teaching me the habit of exercising my-mind, he has inspired me with curiosity to improve myself in the sciences, and your whole family have led me to love the arts. I would draw, and learn music, to be the companion of Emilia and Charles. And pray thank your father for the books and mathematical instruments he gave me, and I hope, by my future diligence, to prove that I am grateful for the instructions I received at your house.

I daily find, that industry and perseverance overcome many difficulties. But I receive still more satisfaction from my employments, when I perceive the

B 5

pleasure

pleasure my improvement affords my mother.—I never saw her so happy since my father's death as she is at present. Yesterday she came into my room, and found me with my compasses in my hand, and my books open before me. Her eyes swam in tears, and she kissed me affectionately, exclaiming, how thankful ought I to be to heaven, for having given me such a son to comfort my widowed heart. Oh, Charles, what a satisfaction I felt when I heard this said by a mother I tenderly loved, and every day more and more respect.—How valuable were those lessons, added she, which you were favoured with; and what a blessing for you has been the example of your friend.—Very true, my dear mother, answered I, but at the same time I recollect, that you were my first teacher; that you laid the groundwork; had you not accustomed me to diligence, and prepared me by your instructions,

structions, what should I have learnt in one year even with the best masters? You taught me to read the Dutch, English, and French languages, and the knowledge of them prejudiced my friends in England in my favour.

My mother, after having sat a few moments, left me, but quickly returned, with a cup of chocolate. A little refreshment, William, said she, will enable you to work with more pleasure, and I know you are fond of chocolate. Yes, answered I, my dear Madam, but I receive more pleasure from this proof of your goodness, than any refreshment could ever afford me.

My mother then asked if I had any thing particular to do in the evening, if not, she would give me a little commission. You may be sure that I eagerly told her I should be ready to do whatever she desired who had a right to com-

mand. Well, said she, we shall see, and left the room.

After she left me I began to consider, nay, to wonder, what it could be, for I perceived a smile on her countenance when she spoke of it. Suddenly it darted into my head that this was the first of April; you know it is the custom to play tricks that day, and I imagined I had discovered the secret, and determined to be careful. We went to dinner. I observed, that Annette knew something of what was going forwards, for I heard her say softly, No, mother, I shall say nothing of it. I went to my room, as usual, after dinner to draw. Annette came soon after to take a lesson, yet you will readily believe I did not ask her any questions, though I was really very curious. She was cautious, but could not help laughing several times. At last, an hour be-

fore tea time, a violin was brought into my chamber, and my mother soon afterwards entered, followed by a genteel looking man. I was astonished, and silently bowed. She took the violin out of the case and gave it me, saying, this gentleman is a music master, who has agreed to give you lessons, and I doubt not you will be assiduous to profit by his instructions. This is the commission I mentioned this morning. Never, no never, my dear Charles, was I more agreeably surprised; I first took my mother, and then my music master, by the hand, and scarcely knew what I said when I attempted to thank her.

And what say you, Charles, am I not very happy that my mother enables me to improve myself in my favourite amusement? If I ever visit dear England again, I shall find no difficulty in playing with you and Emilia. And what adds to this obligation is the kindness
of

of my mother in procuring me an advantage the narrowness of her circumstances must render very inconvenient.

I hastily ran down stairs after my master left me, and could hardly refrain boasting of her goodness before a lady who came to drink tea with her. But I was glad when she went away; then I had an opportunity to give vent to my grateful heart.

How much have I injured you, my dear mother, said I, by supposing you were going to play me an April trick; will you forgive me? Yes, certainly, answered she, and I am glad you mentioned it, that I may inform you from what cause that foolish custom, of making fools of each other, took its rise. It was from the abuse and scoffing which our Saviour suffered when he was sent from Pilate to Herod, and back again to Pilate, by those who had put on him a scarlet robe by way of derision.

Be

Be careful, then, never to mock the wretched, for then you again insult Jesus Christ, and neglect to follow his example, who was the pattern of all virtue. Besides, many quarrels arise from foolish frolicks, and we should never enjoy a joke that gives a fellow-creature pain.

Two hours at least of the twenty-four I shall now devote to music, though my master is to come but twice a week; yet I must constantly practise to prepare myself for his lessons: I shall then rise an hour sooner, for I have often heard Dr. Bartlett say, that five or six hours sleep is sufficient for a person in health. Farewell, remember your friend

WILLIAM.

LET-

L E T T E R IV.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

AGAIN do I see return that delightful season in which every thing appears to be revived, and we are once more at our beloved Grandison Hall. You remember well how pleasantly last summer past away; the shady woods, these charming walks, all brought you to my remembrance, and particularly our little garden.

Edward has left us for some time; his friends have procured a commission for him; but I have another companion, my cousin James, the eldest son of Lord G—. He is a handsome lively youth, and, my father says, has a good understanding, yet I observe he does not find that pleasure in the country that you and I do. He is of a humourous turn,
and

and sometimes treats the most serious matters with too much levity. His disposition would better agree with Edward's than mine, for he loves a frolick, and calls mischief fun; however he has a good heart, and possesses a winning chearfulness of temper.

We yesterday took a pleasant ride; Emelia accompanied us: we went out of the high road to a small village, and stopt at a little farm house to purchase some fruit. We had not been long in a little room near the garden when we heard a confused noise in the kitchen, and I ran out to enquire the cause, leaving my cousin with my sister. A young man, well dressed, ran hastily through the passage; he had been disputing with the farmer, who now allowed him to conceal himself in the garden.

He was scarcely out of sight, when a respectable looking woman ran in, exclaiming,

exclaiming, My son is here; I must, I will see him! A mother who demanded her son, and a son who avoids his mother, thought I, this is something uncommon. I felt extreme compassion, which seemed to command me to assist her: who, indeed, could see a distressed mother without being moved? You weep, said I; I cannot see a parent's tear without concern; has any misfortune befallen your son? Yes, she replied, I am almost without hope; perhaps it is even now too late to save him from ruin. I requested her to go into the parlour to my sister, whilst I spoke to the farmer, and sought for the son. Emilia was surprised to see me enter with a woman apparently distressed, but with compassionate politeness she took her hand, while I reached a chair. I stopt a moment, afraid to ask her any question, lest she should think me impertinent; yet I wished her to speak that
I might

I might know what to say to her son. She soon broke silence, and when her tears allowed her to speak articulately, said, "your kindness affects me, I am an unfortunate widow, who formerly knew better days, and never thought I should be obliged to work for the necessaries of life; but the sudden death of my husband, a clergyman, has thrown me destitute on the world. He left me a son, who might have made my life comfortable, if he had not been drawn aside from the path of virtue by bad company. Falling from one error to another, instead of helping to soften my griefs, he has made me feel that my afflictions indeed are very heavy. My intreaties, my threatenings, have all been fruitless; I could not separate him from his thoughtless companions, or induce him to follow any useful employment, and"—here her sobs prevented her from proceeding, when she added, "I have just
heard

heard, that he has entered himself as a sailor, and is soon to go on board a man of war which is now preparing for sea. If he would exert himself he might gain an honest livelihood, and be a comfort to his unfortunate mother: it would almost break my heart to part with him; but though I could part with him for his good, I cannot bear that he should go with the companions who seduced him from his duty, and first led him into vice; should he become thoroughly vicious, I should then lose him for ever, and he would bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."—I could not refrain my tears, Emilia, and even James wept.—No, Madam, said I, he shall not leave you, I know where he is, and I will hasten to him, to awaken him to repentance, and I hastily left the room.

I found the young man in a shed at the bottom of the garden, and the following conversation ensued.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Shun me not, Sir, I am your friend, at least I desire to be so; I have heard that you wish to hide yourself, and that even from your parent; pardon the liberty I take, I cannot help endeavouring to divert you from your design: it grieves me to see that you avoid your mother.

BRADLEY.

I must not, I cannot see her again; do not betray me, I beseech you, but persuade the master of the house to let me escape without seeing her.

CHARLES.

Could I desire the man to do this! I who have seen your distressed mother weep, and have wept with her!

BRADLEY.

How! has she told you all?

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Yes, she has told me you would fly from her, you, her only son, and that it will cost her her life. What a proof of tenderness! Can you be unconcerned?

BRADLEY.

My mother is in necessitous circumstances; she cannot support me according to my birth.

CHARLES.

It is noble in you not to wish to be a burthen to your mother; a son of your age should not expect a support, except his parents are blest with affluence. But I have been informed you are very ingenious, and have received a good education; heaven has not given you these talents for no purpose.

BRADLEY.

I must endeavour to advance my fortune in a foreign country.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

You will find no mother in a foreign country; and can you leave a parent already overwhelmed by misfortune? would you snatch from her her last support? Surely you have no affection for her.

BRADLEY.

What, Sir, no affection for a mother who has done so much for me!

CHARLES.

A strange proof you would give of it, to leave her in solitary misery, when she declares your absence would be her death.

BRADLEY.

That is a weakness; how many mothers are there that must be separated from their children?

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

I acknowledge it; but a weakness that arises from an affection for you should rather endear her to you. Excuse me, Sir, but I think that children who have such tender apprehensive parents, ought to sacrifice a wavering uncertain prospect of happiness, rather than grieve them. Nay, it would be for their own advantage, if, as my tutor says, no happiness is to be obtained by the violation of duty. Should you return from sea successful, and find her dead, repentance would imbitter your whole future life, for she assures me you have naturally an affectionate good disposition. Continue with her; when a mother in poverty begins to labour under a weight of years, it would be cowardly in a son to desert her.

BRAD-

BRADLEY.

What shall I do, I have not learned any business, would you have me work in the fields?

CHARLES.

There is nothing shameful in pursuing any honest employment; but you are not reduced to that situation. Any one who has a tolerable understanding, and has had a good education, may make himself friends by his diligence: in short, there is no one who is virtuous and industrious but may gain a subsistence, and secure himself respect and esteem. Come, consent; let me conduct you to your mother; she has lived for you, you in your turn ought to live for her. Our parents are our best friends, whose loss nothing can recompense; let those go to sea who have no parents to weep for them, who have no abilities to push them forward in the employments

VOL. II. C which

which require mental exertions; it becomes not you who have such qualifications.

BRADLEY.

It is too late, I have already entered; I have no alternative; go I must.

CHARLES.

That difficulty may easily be removed. Come, throw yourself at your mother's feet, and give her cause to weep for joy. —At last I persuaded him, and he silently followed me, very much distressed.

The mother no sooner saw us enter the room, than she fell on his neck. Oh! William, how tender is the affection of a mother for her children. Bradley seemed truly penitent and abashed; but I shall not attempt to describe all the affecting circumstances. Afterwards he took me aside, and said, I am really
5 sorry

sorry to leave my mother, yet I must fulfil my engagement, for I have spent the bounty money; and the captain would not be willing to part with a stout hand supposing I could return it, which is impossible. I bid him be easy, and if he would promise to remain with his mother, I did not doubt but that I should prevail on my father to use his interest with the captain. I said the same to his mother, whose acknowledgment made me blush, and, to avoid them, I hastened our departure, and thought the road very tedious till I arrived at Grandison Hall, and had interested my father in this poor woman's favour. I am to see Bradley next Friday: I desired him to call on me; before that time my father will take me to the neighbouring sea-port, where the vessel is fitting out for sea.—You shall hear all about it: till then adieu.

LETTER V.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

WELL, my dear friend, my father has exerted his interest, and the captain has consented to release young Bradley from his engagement. I returned the bounty money; my father would have reimbursed me, but I wished to do something myself.

I then visited the unhappy mother, who joyfully received the news, and even the son thanked me with tears in his eyes, for he appears to have a good disposition, though he has not sufficient firmness to bear the laugh of his dissipated companions. The poor woman still seems alive to fear, but my father has promised to procure him some employment; mean while Dr. Bartlett will endeavour to prepare him for it, by teaching him habits of regularity

regularity and order. That good man thought of making him copy some of his sermons, and making extracts from books. This task young Bradley readily performs in the steward's room, and he imagines that he is making himself useful, when in reality this is only a scheme of the benevolent Doctor's to improve him, and detach him from his former idle companions. It already seems to have had a good effect on him, and my tutor says, he perceives a spark of emulation blowing up in his mind, that he hopes will strengthen his weak resolves, and make him, in time, a virtuous character.

Our little garden is now in fine order again, and I work at it with pleasure, because I have got a new companion. Can you guess who? no other than your old friend Emelia. She has got a dress proper to work in, and rises with the lark to assist me; indeed she often

joins in the general concert, and sings as chearfully as the birds that hop around us. I asked her, yesterday, if she was not afraid to dirty her hands. You mean to laugh at me, said she, smiling, I hope I shall never be a fine lady, or forget that my hands were given me for some other purpose than to keep them soft and white. Believe me, brother, a daisy I have raised by my own labour, is a thousand times more acceptable to me than the finest nosegay presented by the gardener.

But I must here close my letter, my mother has sent for me to go an airing with her, and I must not make her wait.

Yours,

CHARLES.

LET.

LETTER VI.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

I AM so happy, my dear William, I can scarcely tell you what has made me so. I am out of breath with joy; you are to come, with your dear mother, to live always in England. My kind parent communicated the joyful tidings to me, and added, that she had prevailed on Mrs. D— to approve of her plan. Never, never, was I more agreeably surprized; but I will tell you all in a circumstantial manner, when I have taken breath, for my heart beats violently.— Well, I am now more composed. After breakfast, this morning, my mother desired me to make an excuse to Dr. Bartlett, and follow her into the garden, when I joined her. I will give you our conversation in the usual way.

LADY GRANDISON.

We consented you know, Charles, to let you spend next winter, and part of the spring, with your friend William; but some particular reason obliges us to change our minds, and I doubt not you will chearfully acquiesce in our determination.

CHARLES.

Yes, for I know you must have a sufficient reason for altering your mind.

LADY GRANDISON.

But perhaps the disappointment will make you very unhappy?

CHARLES.

You have taught me to be sincere. I acknowledge I am disappointed, and cannot in a moment forget it; I have promised myself so much pleasure, and William and I had formed so many plans:

plans: I have so long thought of visiting Holland, that I really long to see it. But do not be angry, the pleasure of obeying you and my father will outweigh every other consideration. I shall not have to part with you all, and I have often thought with pain of the time when I should leave you—when the sea would divide us.

LADY GRANDISON.

The sea will not divide us; but you are to leave us for some time to visit our estate in C——, and to make some necessary alterations there in your father's name.

CHARLES.

I shall endeavour to do the best, and hope you will have no reason to complain of your young steward.

LADY GRANDISON.

I expected an answer like this; but the farm house you will inhabit, is situated almost in a desert; you will have few companions, and no amusements, except the pleasure of relieving the poor. We wish you to experience, that the consciousness of being useful is the truest pleasure; we can do without company when we have peace in our minds. I find pleasure every where, for every where I find something to do.

CHARLES.

Reading and music will be my chief amusements; yet I shall want you, I shall want my father and William; but I shall write to you often, and surely you will answer all my letters.—Yes, I shall be happy—send me away as soon as you please. Here I paused a little, and was thoughtful, but I do not know
what

what I thought of, tears rushed involuntarily into my eyes—my mother observed it.

LADY GRANDISON.

Why, Charles, do you hide any thing from me? speak, you are sorrowful, open your heart to your mother.

CHARLES.

Forgive my weakness, dear Madam, I am ashamed of it. Let me soon set out for the farm, I will not shed a tear I promise you, and you shall see what cheerful letters I will write.

LADY GRANDISON.

You are the child of my heart; your submission to your earthly parents proves to me, that you will in future resign yourself to the will of your heavenly father, who never afflicts his children but to improve them. But your trial at

this time will not be so severe as you imagine; I will fully explain myself; I did not at first speak explicitly that I might receive this proof of your submission to our will. You are first to accompany Dr. Bartlett on a visit to his relations; and from thence go to the farm for a short time, where you will find ample employment, in visiting and assisting the poor. She paused a moment for my answer, and then went on; but what think you, Charles, if Mrs. D—, your friend William, and little Annette, were to come and reside in England? (I listened with all my ears, and she proceeded) see here is a letter from Mrs. D—, in which you will find, that the proposal gave her great pleasure. We are to prepare a house for her, and, as you say you long to see Holland, it is now our design to let you take a trip there, to conduct your friend and his mother to your native country, where it
9 will

will be our study to make their situation comfortable. What say you, Charles?

I don't know what I said, William, I was almost wild with joy. And now I have told you all, I will run again and thank those dear parents; indeed, I feel quite restless, I cannot sit still. In two months we shall meet. Farewell,

CHARLES.

LET-

LETTER VII.

WILLIAM to CHARLES.

COULD I believe that I should ever have been so happy as to have a prospect of spending all my life with you and your beloved family! No, I was even afraid to hope for such happiness, but now I number the days till I shall see you: I have already put my books in order; every thing is waiting for you. I gave my mother your letter to read; she bestowed the warmest praises on my dear friend. He seems to have a just sense of the duty due to parents, said she; a good son always supposes that tender parents have a sufficient reason for what they do when they deprive him of any little gratification; he then submits without reluctance, or even enquiry, certain that it is for his good. A child
that

that thus submits will, when a man, be as resigned to the dispensations of heaven.

I could not forbear giving your letter to one of my young acquaintance to read when we were walking. I will relate our conversation.

WILLIAM.

What think you, Frederick, of this instance of willing submission?

FREDERICK.

It is praise worthy, but I acknowledge myself not so obedient.

WILLIAM.

Such a chearful submission might possibly require more resolution than either you or I have; however it is possible; and as we ought to shew ourselves grateful for the kindneesses we have received, the only way we have of doing so is constantly to obey the injunctions
of

40 YOUNG GRANDISON.

of our parents, and never to murmur if they even seem hard.

F R E D E R I C K.

This may be true, yet these considerations would not change a desert, as Lady Grandison called her farm, into an agreeable abode.

W I L L I A M.

No, but yet I might say to myself, in such a solitary place, I hope I am beloved by my Creator, because I have done my duty; then I should be much happier than in the most magnificent palace, upbraiding myself with having done wrong, and having made God angry by disobeying my parents.

F R E D E R I C K.

I think, however, your friend would have past his time very heavily at the farm.

W I L L I A M.

WILLIAM.

Those days would soon have been over, but the recollection of having done right, my mother says, is a lasting pleasure.

We then turned towards home; it was a very fine evening, and I wanted Frederick to observe the beautiful country, and wondered he could pass through such pleasing scenes with indifference. It is with you, I hope, to wander over these pleasant walks; in the mean time be happy, and think of your friend

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

CHARLES TO WILLIAM.

THIS morning I set out, with Dr. Bartlett, for the country where my father's estate is situated. I shall not have many opportunities of sending letters to you, yet I shall not neglect to write.

The account you gave me of Frederick does not prejudice me in his favour.

I was obliged to leave off suddenly when I had written thus, for my cousin G—, who accompanied us part of the way, came to tell me that Dr. Bartlett was waiting for me. We left him near home, and for some time we missed his sprightly sallies; but his taste for humour, to which I think he is too much addicted, often hurt me while we were
on

on the road. The first instance, that I now recollect, had a reference to Dr. Bartlett.

As the good old man was stepping out of his carriage, his foot slipped, and he fell with great force on the ground. While I assisted him to rise, I turned my eyes on my cousin, whom I saw endeavouring in vain to smother a laugh; at last he was obliged to run into the house to give way to it, out of our hearing. I felt that I was red with anger; nothing displeases me more than to hear any one laugh at an accident. I have often heard people say they cannot help it, but in my opinion it is a great proof of insensibility. The most ludicrous accident never makes me smile when I see a fellow-creature, or even an animal, in pain. I could not forbear communicating my sentiments to my cousin as soon as we were alone.

CHARLES.

44 YOUNG GRANDISON.

CHARLES.

I have often heard you say you loved and esteemed Dr. Bartlett.

JAMES.

Yes; why do you doubt it?

CHARLES.

And yet when you saw him fall, not knowing whether he had hurt himself, you began to laugh, and flew into the house without making any inquiries.

JAMES.

It is not in my power to avoid laughing when I see any one fall in a ridiculous manner; when the Doctor's wig fell off, he looked so droll—I cannot help laughing, even now, when I think of it.

CHARLES.

You can avoid laughing if you will; you have a good heart, I have seen you feel compassion.

JAMES.

J A M E S.

No, it is not want of compassion; and yet it is true I cannot keep myself from laughing: I wish I knew the reason.

C H A R L E S.

Let us try to find it out. Suppose you saw a man without an arm or a leg, who did every thing in an awkward laughable manner, yet an inclination to laugh would be instantly restrained by fear of offending an unfortunate fellow-creature: but let the hat fly off on one side, and the wig on the other, and then you instantly laugh, without remembering a leg or an arm may soon be broken.

J A M E S.

I believe you are right.

C H A R L E S.

It is best, then, to fix your attention on the severe pain a person may suffer, and

and then your involuntary laughter would subside into pity.

J A M E S.

I fear this will not help me much.

C H A R L E S.

You fear, then, that your heart is not good.

J A M E S.

No, not so neither, for I declare to you, I was very sorry when I saw Dr. Bartlett had hurt himself, and then I had no inclination to laugh.

C H A R L E S.

Then I am right ; the laugh ceased as soon as you gave way to compassion, and of course this thoughtless unfeeling mirth may be restrained. Indeed if you had considered a moment, you would have felt the impropriety, and been ashamed

ashamed of yourself; what, laugh when a respectable old man had hurt himself! —Dr. Bartlett now entered, and we changed the subject.

In the evening we went a walking together, and passed by a miserable hut, at the door of which a poor old blind man stood. His grey hair hung about his hollow cheeks, which poverty seemed to have deeply marked; it was wet with the labours of the day, for he had been turning a wheel, as I found afterwards; his trembling hands were supported by a crutch, on which his chin rested, and his clouded eyes were turned up to heaven without receiving a ray of light. You shall hear the conversation that this sight produced.

CHARLES.

What unhappy wretches there are in the world! look at that old man, cousin.

JAMES.

JAMES.

You are always looking at what gives you pain.

CHARLES.

He is blind and old, I cannot help pitying him.

JAMES.

But your pity will not restore his sight: let us go on, it is growing dark.

CHARLES.

No, I must first ask him if he has any children.

JAMES.

Nonsense! Why should you ask him such a question?

CHARLES.

Because it would relieve me to find that he had good children; I should not then

then think him so unhappy, they will certainly wait on him, serve, and comfort him. We next spoke to the old man, and I heard with pleasure that he had a worthy daughter, who works hard to maintain him, and he himself, sometimes, turns a wheel, and does other things, that blind men can do.

My cousin's fondness for tricks now led him to commit an act of cruelty that made me very angry. I gave the blind man a trifle, and James, when he left the house, felt in his pocket a little while, and then slipped something into his hand, saying, there is a guinea for you. Joy was visible in every feature of the old man's face. We stepped forward. How I love you! exclaimed I, you have done a noble action. And do you think I would give a guinea to a stranger, replied he. I interrupted him, with surprise,—You told him so; what did you give him? It was only a new shilling.

Vexation and anger tied my tongue: at last I could not help speaking with some resentment. Such a trick does you little honour; deceit is a detestable thing when done to procure any advantage; but what extreme cruelty to sport with the poverty of a blind old man. Did not his look of pleasure wound your conscience? You must have a heart of stone if it did not touch you! Fine preaching! exclaimed he; and he caught hold of my arm to make me quicken my pace, but I rushed from him, and obeyed the impulse of my heart. I returned to the old man, thrust a guinea into his hand, and soon overtook James, who then appeared ashamed, guessing what I had been doing, for I dropped the subject, and only mention it to you.

CHARLES.

LET-

LETTER IX.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

I AM now arrived at the farm, dear William; the day is just beginning to dawn; the farmers are going whistling to work, whilst I am writing to my friend. You know I have been accustomed to rise early, and it would be now irksome to me to lie in bed the sweetest hours of the day. I am, at this moment, sitting near an open window, and the birds, just awake, are hopping from branch to branch; the flowers seem revived by the dew; in short, there is a delightful freshness in the morning which gives me a new flow of spirits. Is this, thought I, casting my eyes around, the desert my mother supposed would prove dreary to me? I am going to take a ride, in order to visit some of

the tenants houses, and even the little huts; that I may be able to give my father a just account of the estate, and prevail on him to relieve those I find in distress.

I am now returned, and will give you an account how I have spent my time. I was particularly affected by the sight of an old infirm woman, who had taken the charge of two children, when their parents, her son and daughter, suddenly died. They were unexpectedly snatched away, and left their helpless orphans entirely destitute, with no relation to look up to for support during their infant years, except a grandmother, who was scarcely able to earn a subsistence for herself. The house, or rather the hut, in which I found them by accident, did but just screen them from the inclemency of the weather. My father would not let his dogs live in such a wretched hovel. As I was riding
leisurely

leisurely along, my attention was roused by the sobbing of a little girl of about six years old, who cried bitterly; a boy, still younger, stood by her, and desired her not to cry, for he would fish it out. They then ran to a well, and I dismounted to follow them, and enquire what they had lost, fearing they might fall in. And what do you think, William, it was he wanted to fish up? Alas! a little piece of bread that his sister had dropped into the water, which was very muddy. Let that dirty piece sink, said I, I will go into the house for another piece for you. No, no, said the poor girl, again weeping, she has none for herself, nor any money to buy a loaf to-day. I often put in my pocket a piece of bread to give my horse on the road, I had now half a roll, which I immediately gave her. Joy beamed in her countenance, she smiled amidst her tears, and breaking it into two, gave

half to her brother; my heart was moved, I could not be satisfied with having given to two human beings only the morsel I designed for my horse. Their hut was at some distance from the village, to which I found the old woman could seldom crawl; I was determined to go and procure them a breakfast, and again mounted my horse, rode to the village, and entered a chandler's shop, and bought some bread and cheese. The man behind the counter viewed me from head to foot; I felt at first a little ashamed, and then felt vexed with myself for being so. I quickly returned to the hut, and was, indeed, a most welcome visitant. The children kissed my hand, and the old woman, when I gave her half a guinea, almost wept for joy.

I intend particularly to recommend these poor objects to my father's notice, and meanwhile have given orders that the hut should be repaired, and some
fuel

fuel and provisions sent them from the farm.

I could not forbear, as I rode home, continually anticipating the pleasure I should experience, when I saw them again in a more comfortable abode, with a little garden and some other conveniences; since they suffer enough without having the wind rushing through every corner of the house, and the rain oozing through the thatch when they are in bed. When I am a man, I hope I shall never forget the resolutions I have now made, one of the principal is, to see myself that my poor tenants and labourers always have a comfortable warm habitation; I will try too to remember that health is more necessary to them than to the rich, and that it is my duty to render their situation easy. Adieu.

C H A R L E S.

L E T T E R X.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

I AM now again with my good Dr. Bartlett at a small, but pleasant, country seat, belonging to a widow, his sister-in-law, who has but one daughter, an agreeable, and indeed a very handsome girl. As she has always lived in the country with her mother, she has had time to improve her understanding, by reading to her books calculated to improve a young mind. Dr. Bartlett has kept up a constant correspondence with her, in which they have discussed the different subjects of her reading; such as natural philosophy, geography, astronomy, and history. But these employments have not so engrossed her time, as to prevent her learning to sing, draw, and dance; nay, the Doctor tells me,

me, that she has, for a year or two past and she is now but eighteen, had the management of the house; she rises so early that all family affairs are settled before breakfast, and do not interfere with her other employments. Henrietta sings, works, and reads, all the day, and I never saw any one have a finer bloom, or a more cheerful countenance. The Doctor calls me. Adieu.

CHARLES:

D 5

LET.

LETTER XI.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

DR. BARTLETT went this morning to visit an old friend, and left me to comfort the females, as he, smiling, said, who would have been quite disconsolate, if they had lost both their beaux at once. I enjoy here all the pleasures of the country; ride, walk, and go on the water, with the sons of a neighbouring clergyman, whom he has educated himself. They are modest, sensible young men, and so far advanced in their studies, that I felt yesterday evening, after our conversation, a little vexed with myself for not having made a better use of my time; I shall rub the dust off my Greek and Latin books when I return to Grandison Hall. Yet in spite of their knowledge, they have

not neglected accomplishments ; I assure you, we had, yesterday evening, a very good concert, in which they bore a part—but I am interrupted.

I have been very much shocked—a messenger brought me a letter from my poor cousin Edward, scarcely legible, for it must have been written by a trembling hand—in short, William, he has been wounded in a duel, and intreats me to come him. Heaven knows what danger he may be in ; and as to his antagonist, the letter is quite silent in this respect ; I fear, lest he should have the blood of a fellow-creature on his head. What can I do, his letter is very pressing, and the danger immediate and great ; I do not like to go without consulting my tutor ; and yet, if I wait for it, Edward may expire before I see him ; besides, I do not wish to interrupt the pleasure he has promised himself in the society of an old college friend,

D 6

whom

whom he has not seen these ten years : Harry, too, is gone with him.—I must consider a moment—Well, my friend, I am going ; they are now saddling my horse, and the kind mistress of the house has recommended an honest young man, who is acquainted with the road, to accompany me. As the Doctor is not expected home these two or three days, I hope, before his return, to send him a more satisfactory account of an affair, which I know will make him very uneasy, for he has always considered his pupils in the light of children. Should he return before my letter can reach this house, his sister will account for my conduct, which meets with her approbation. Farewell, I have at least forty miles to ride before night.

C H A R L E S.

LET-

L E T T E R XII.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

I AM writing now by Edward's bedside; he has received a very dangerous, but I hope not a mortal wound, though his fever is very high. Young Atkins, who was his antagonist, set off for France an hour after the duel. From every account I can gather, he was the aggressor; a trifling joke at the mess, after dinner, so exasperated this furious man, that he loaded Edward with the most opprobrious epithets. Edward was obliged to take notice of them, or quit the army with dishonour. Such are the false notions that prevail, that a man of real courage must risk his life when a drunkard or a fool insults him; that life which is only due to his country, is
sported

sported away in consequence of a drunken frolic. I am glad, my friend, I am not in the army, I should not like to appear a coward, or enter into a broil to obtain the name that every boaster, who neither fears God, nor loves his friends, purchases with the blood of a fellow-creature. I hope, however, I shall never be in such a situation.

Edward is now asleep; it would be cruel to remind him that he was ever too fond of a jest; how often have I seen him give extreme pain by laughing at some peculiarity, or catching up some strange expression to play on, and hurt the feelings of the person who uttered it, whose visible distress never silenced his laugh.

I will give you some account of my journey, when he is again disposed to sleep; now I must go and take some refreshment, as I feel myself very much exhausted.

I will

I will now give you the promised account. I sat off the moment after I had finished my letter; the day was uncommonly hot, and the heavy sandy road very unpleasant, as we could not ride so quick as we wished to do. My heart, which seemed ready to fly to Edward, was very anxious and impatient; but what could impatience avail, it only served to make the time appear longer. This anxiety, and the hot beams of the sun, gave me a severe head-ach, and I was glad, after riding three or four hours, to meet with a comfortable inn. I was obliged to rest a short time my head was so very bad, but my earnest desire to go forward soon roused me, and prevented me thinking of being overtaken by the night, for the sun was setting apace. We were assured the roads were very safe, and a genteel looking man informed me, that he had frequently travelled the same way himself
when

when there was no moon, without any apprehension of danger; he then added, that as we seemed to be in a hurry, he would advise us to take a short cut through a wood, by which means we should gain two miles.

We followed the advice of the stranger, but when we were in the by-road, it appeared so gloomy, that I was sorry we entered it; not a single man did we meet during the space of half an hour; at last we heard, at a distance behind us, some persons on horseback in a full gallop. I stopped, not thinking of any danger; on the contrary, having been a little afraid of the dreary solitude which then surrounded us, I was glad to hear human voices; it was to me, at that moment, almost as if I had seen a friend; but how egregiously was I deceived. We were quickly overtaken by four stout men, who fiercely demanded my money. It was to no purpose

pose to parley with them, and I was obliged to give up my watch, purse, and even my great coat. Happy may I think myself that I escaped with my life, for I was so imprudent as to speak to one of them, whom, to my great astonishment, I discovered to be the very well-dressed man who directed us to take this road; I did feel very angry, and would have given the world to have punished him for his perfidy.

Behold me, then, without a coat; my honest fellow-traveller offered to lend me his, which they did not think worth taking from him, but he seemed less able to bear the cold of the night than myself, so I would not accept of his offer. We then spurred our horses and rode on, and tried to laugh at our adventure, in which, indeed, we did not make a very noble figure; though it would have been fool hardy to have attempted to resist four strong men, something

thing like fighting a windmill, or storming the moon. Why then do I feel a little hurt at having been robbed? To say the truth, that fellow's treachery vexed me more than the loss of my money: but I have gained something by my experience; I will never talk of my own affairs when I am travelling, or too soon make an acquaintance on the road. Farewell.

CHARLES.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

EDWARD is much better, which gives me great pleasure on every account; his hot-headed antagonist may now safely return to his regiment. Edward was very anxious about him: if I should die, said he, when the surgeon thought him in danger, pray intreat Sir Charles to endeavour to obtain a pardon for young Atkins, who has only his commission to depend on; he is passionate, I knew it, and yet provoked him by my unfeeling jest; if I recover, I will be more prudent for the future. It gave me great pleasure to hear him talk so; and I hope this illness will make a good impression on his mind.

Three o'clock in the afternoon.—What an agreeable surprise—my father is just arrived,

arrived, and does not disapprove of my conduct ! He turned pale when he heard of the robbery, and thanked heaven that had preserved him a son, whose loss he should have deplored with his latest breath. I tell you this in the pride of my heart ; how sweet is the praise of a parent ! Edward was glad to see him, and acknowledged his fault. I must not be long absent from this dear parent. Adieu.

CHARLES.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

EDWARD is so far recovered as to be able to travel; he is to set off to-morrow for Grandison Hall, and I am to return to my tutor. When I reach home I will finish this letter.

Well, here I am once more with my good friends. I reached home without meeting with any disagreeable occurrence, and my tutor received me with his usual kindness, but I observed a gloom on his countenance which made me very uneasy. Before he went to bed, he began to write a letter, and was visibly agitated while he was writing. As I know the Doctor has such firmness of mind that a trifle would not affect him, I was very desirous to know what was the matter, and I think my curiosity

riosity arose from affection, yet I am afraid it has led me to act wrong, for when he left the room for a moment, I crept softly to his writing table to read the unfinished letter. It was to a brother who had sustained some heavy loss in trade, which involved him and a large family in the greatest distress. I suddenly threw down the letter, before I had read half of it, as if I had been committing a robbery, and severely reproached myself for having pryed into his secret, though I think I was led to it by the restless anxiety I felt when I saw him unhappy; but this does not excuse me—I have been very much to blame—I blush for shame—I have injured my friend, and I have injured myself; I shall be afraid to look him in the face; what a coward does guilt make us! I can write no more, I am out of humour with myself.

CHARLES.

LET-

LETTER XV.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

PITY me, my friend; Dr. Bartlett has just received a letter from Grandison Hall; he instantly informed me, with seeming emotion, that there was not the least danger, but that my mother was ill, and that if I pleased, we would set off in the morning. Do you say, my dear Sir, if I please; my heart is there already; my mother in danger, and her son so far off! I never was so low spirited in my life; I am sure the Doctor softens the matter to me. I received a few lines from Emilia, delivered privately to me by the servant, which made me very uneasy; I will transcribe part of it.

Dear,

“ Dear, dear Charles,

“ What a misfortune happened yesterday! our dear mother suddenly fainted, and I was afraid she was dead; I was alone with her, sitting at my work, and did not perceive her change countenance, so that she was on the ground before I could afford her any assistance. My loud cries brought the servants, but not before I had got my arm under her head: I kissed her forehead, and called upon her a hundred times, as if I could recall her to life. The surgeon soon arrived, and bled her, and in about half an hour she came to herself again. But what did I suffer during that dreadful interval! I wished a thousand times that you were here. Do not delay a moment, dear brother, if you love me; I shall be much easier, I know, when you are with me. We shall assist each other in nursing her, for I will never leave her a moment

to

care of strangers; I remember how she sat up with us when we had the small-pox and measles, and if she was out of danger, I should feel a pleasure in convincing her, that I love her as dearly as she loves me.'

This is a short transcript, William, of my dear girl's letter; for with a full heart she has written the same thing over and over again. We shall leave this the first peep of day, and you may expect the earliest account of my mother's state of health.

C H A R L E S.

LETTER XVI.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

My mother is out of danger; my sister's letter made me very apprehensive; the tenderness of her nature makes her tremble at the least indisposition that attacks her parents, and she exaggerates the danger, till she is unable to see things as they really are. But why do I blame her? What have I not suffered myself through anxiety, in my way hither? I sometimes feared my mother was already dead, and we appeared to ride too fast forward: I was afraid to approach the hall one minute, and the next was in a violent perspiration through my eagerness to reach it. In short, William, I had a continual palpitation at my heart, and now find myself by no means well.

well. But I shall not complain; in the morning probably I shall be better.

The time draws near, the time I so eagerly look for, when I was to have visited Holland: all my hopes seem like a dream, and it appears to me wrong even to think of it. I will go and take a little walk in the garden, it may, perhaps, refresh me.

I do not seem much the better for my walk, but I am glad I went, and I will tell you why. As I was going down the lane by the side of the garden, which you know leads to the high road, such a weariness came over me I was obliged to sit down. After resting some moments I rose up, and without considering where I was going, turned down the public road. May we not suppose, William, that heaven directs our steps to be serviceable to our fellow-creatures? for I saw, as I advanced, not far from me, a little child about three years old; it

E 2 seemed

seemed tired, and stood still when it perceived me. At first I supposed some person was near; but not seeing any one, I began to be uneasy, and when it turned from me offered it some flowers which I had gathered in my way; this I did with a smiling aspect, and enquired what was its name, and where it lived? It could only lisp out a few words, such as that its name was Jemmy, and that it lived yonder, pointing with its hand, I could not tell where, for you know there is no house near; I could only make out that it had been a long time seeking its mammy.

The evening was growing dusky, and still no person appeared; I quickly imagined the poor mother's feelings when she missed her child, and would have given any thing to have been able to have restored him to her; but as that was impossible, I was determined to take him with me, and leave him at our gardener's

gardener's house, till he should find out to whom he belonged. I was obliged to carry him, for he began to cry, when he saw we turned out of the high road, and I found it rather troublesome on account of my weakness, but my resolution gave me strength, and I gave it in charge to the gardener's wife, who promised to take care of it. In the morning a servant is to go to the neighbouring villages to enquire about the mother. Farewell.

CHARLES.

LETTER XVII.

EMILIA to CHARLOTTE.

My mother is now out of danger, my dear Charlotte, but Charles went to bed last night very ill, and is it to be wondered at, after the perturbation of mind he has lately gone through? Heaven preserve me such a brother! The time seemed so long while he was away, that I do not know how I should live without him.

He found a lost child last night, and brought it in his arms to our gardener, and desired him to take care of it until we could find out the mother. She came this morning, and informed us, that she had been all the night wandering about in search of it. I was very much affected by the poor woman's gratitude; but would you believe it, a certain young gentleman presumed to say to Edward,

this

this morning, that he thought Charles had acted imprudently : what would he have done, added he, if the child had never been claimed ? Did you ever hear such cold-hearted reasoning, Charlotte ? Who would have thought of such a thing, when the poor child was in such immediate distress ; yet this same prudent gentleman took home, some time ago, only actuated by pity, a great dog that ran after him. Edward told him of this, and asked him how it was possible that any one who could have so much pity for an animal able to preserve itself from danger, and find something to eat, should have so little compassion for a helpless child ? He was at a loss what to say, and soon after took his leave, as I must do for the present.

E M I L I A.

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L E T -

LETTER XVIII.

EMILIA to CHARLOTTE.

You desire that I will send you as early an account as possible of Charles's health; he is, I fear, very ill. In order to conceal it from my mother, he tried to employ himself, but in vain. I am with him every moment I can leave my mother; and this morning we had a conversation, which I will relate. He asked me to put by his drawings, and he looked so altered, that my eyes filled with tears, and I turned my head from him to conceal them; but it did not escape his observation. He caught me by the hand, and said, Why, dear Emilia, are you so sorrowful?

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

It is nothing—I shall be chearful again presently.

CHARLES.

But you are weeping, dear sister?

EMILIA.

Well, I will dry my tears, and cry no more, for I see your tears begin to start.

CHARLES.

Do not on that account restrain them, they will relieve you; but tell me what makes you so sad?

EMILIA.

Why, brother, are you not sick?

CHARLES.

This proof of your sisterly affection raises you in my esteem, but your tenderness ought not to blind your reason; I am not well, it is true, yet there is not the least appearance of danger.

E 5

EMILIA.

E M I L I A.

You are so good, God must certainly love you; why then are you afflicted?

C H A R L E S.

My tutor has often told me it is no sign that God does not love us, because we are in affliction. Sickness and sorrow are as necessary for us in this world as every other event; we are in the hands of a tender father, who knoweth our frame, and will not afflict us more than is necessary for our good.

E M I L I A.

I hope God will forgive me, if I have spoken rashly. May you quickly be restored, for the danger I see you in is almost too much for me.

C H A R L E S.

You imagine, then, that I am in greater danger now than when I am in health.

E M I L I A.

EMILIA.

And so you are, I believe.

CHARLES.

No, my dear, we have no more reason to fear upon our sick bed, than when we are in lively company, taking a walk, or on the stormy sea. We are always under the protection of our Creator; he can preserve us, or call us hence whenever he thinks fit.

EMILIA.

We appear, I think, nearer death when we are sick than when we are in a good state of health

CHARLES.

We *appear*, you say, but that appearance deceives us, and we are led to think so because God commonly calls us out of the world by sickness; this seems the usual way, and we suppose that death is at a distance when we are

84 YOUNG GRANDISON.

in a confirmed state of health; yet we are, in the very midst of our pleasures, near the grave. For instance, when you are singing, or dancing, a dreadful fire may burst out, and none may have power to escape; nay, without such an unforeseen accident, a single glass of cold water, after such an amusement, has often occasioned death. Who would then presume to say, that they have many years of pleasure to come?

EMILIA.

I believe you are right.

CHARLES.

How many people recover when they have been given over by physicians, whilst those apparently in health die suddenly?

EMILIA.

You comfort me, dear brother, you set my heart at rest; and I hope you will soon get the better of this complaint.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

I shall be thankful to God, if he allows me to remain sometime longer with my parents and friends.

EMILIA.

It seems you are not afraid of death.

CHARLES.

I have already told you that I wish to live. Heaven grant me life, if I always have the same desire to do good; but may it be taken away from me this instant, if there is a possibility that I should ever forget my duty.

EMILIA.

O let us talk no more of death, brother!

Here I must stop, my mother has sent for me; pray for my dear Charles, and I shall love you still better.

EMILIA.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

EMILIA *to* CHARLOTTE.

I HAVE another proof to give you of Charles's good disposition, but first let me tell you he is much better. After I had finished my letter to you yesterday evening, I went into Charles's room again, and found him and Edward looking over some drawings; amongst them was the mount of a fan, which Charles had finished with more than usual care, intending to surprise our dear parent with it. Though he is very modest when speaking of his own performances, yet he spoke of this with some degree of satisfaction, and mentioned the length of time he had been about it. He desired me to cover it with silver paper, adding, that he would rather lose all the rest of his drawings than this.

We were now called down to supper; about half an hour after we were seated at table it began to rain very fast, and Charles recollecting that he had left one of the windows of his room open, was going himself to shut it, but my mother called him back, not thinking it safe that he should expose himself to the night air, and desired one of the servants to go.

Well, we went to bed at our usual hour, but I had scarcely reached my room before I heard Edward cry out, What do I see! I ran to him, and judge of my vexation, when I saw the fan mount in his hand almost entirely consumed: Charles at that moment entered the chamber; he said nothing, but looked a little angry, supposing we had played him a trick. What think you, said Edward? the careless boy that did this deserves to be turned out of doors. No, said Charles, I was afraid you had
done

done it to teaze me; if it was only an accident, though it is vexatious, I will endeavour to remedy it by doing another much better: however, let us enquire about it. They did so, and the servant who had shut the window, owned that he had put a candle on the table which was loose in the socket, and that it fell out, and set fire to the paper, and almost burnt the whole mount, before he could put it out. The boy seemed very sorry, and begged Charles not to tell his father, lest he should be turned away for his carelessness, for he had often been desired never to put a candle on a table covered with papers. Edward would not listen to him, and said it was all a lie; but Charles said it was not impossible, and that he would not mention it to his father or mother, as he should be sorry to have a servant turned away who appeared to be sorry for what he had done,

done, only desired him never to touch any papers again in his room.

EDWARD.

Well, you are very good-natured, Charles; if this had happened to me, I should never have forgiven him.

CHARLES.

That would not have restored my drawing.

EDWARD.

No, but the careless fellow would have been punished; and that would have been some comfort: such a loss would vex my very heart.

EMILIA.

It is, indeed, very unfortunate.

CHARLES.

No, I do not call it a misfortune, sister.

EMILIA.

E M I L I A.

How, do not you think that a misfortune?

C H A R L E S.

You make me smile—I shall soon forget my drawing, it was only a trial of temper; my mother's sickness was a misfortune, indeed, and the poor woman who had lost her child had reason to weep; but what admits of a remedy, should not be called a misfortune, it is only a momentary vexation. And after all, I was the person to blame, it was I who was careless; if I had locked up my drawing, or shut the window myself, this accident would not have happened.

E M I L I A.

But, Charles, will you begin another?

C H A R L E S.

CHARLES.

Yes, certainly, and perhaps it may be much better, for another design has just entered my head.

He then wished me a good night, and I must do the same.

I am glad I did not entirely fill up my paper, and yet I shall not say much, I am so dull. Edward has just left us to join his regiment. My tears fall while I write. I do not like these separations; I wish those whom I love were always to remain with me!

Charles has just mentioned to my father, a circumstance that he appeared to be much ashamed of. I have not time to write the particulars; I can only now tell you, that he read a part of one of Dr. Bartlett's letters, without his leave; he saw the Doctor in great distress, and was so anxious to know what occasioned it, that he acted contrary to his

his own notions of honour. This letter contained an account of some misfortunes that had befallen the Doctor's family, which he, from a motive of delicacy, concealed from my father, thinking he had already done too much for them.

My father went instantly to his friend, with whom he had a long conversation, and after he returned to his study, he sent for Charles, and mildly addressed him.

SIR CHARLES.

I have at last prevailed on my friend to state the whole affair to me, and it will soon be settled to his satisfaction. And now let me caution you, my son, never to let even your affection induce you to pry into the secrets of others: a good end does not justify the improper means employed to reach it. Honour is a sacred thing, and no motive should influence us to trifle with fixed principles—
our

our views are bounded, and we ought to adhere to strict rules, not knowing how to modify them. Your youthful warmth now pleads in your favour; I am acquainted with the goodness of your heart; but goodness should ever be restrained by duty, or it will not uniformly actuate our conduct.

My father then smiled on Charles, adding, this is a caution, and not a reproof.

I have almost written another letter. Believe me ever your's.

EMILIA.

LET-

LETTER XX.

WILLIAM *to* CHARLES.

Dear Grandison,

I HAVE been very uneasy on your account, and need not tell you what a relief it was to my heart to hear of your recovery. I neglected my music; all my employments were a task to me, whilst I imagined you were sick; the sorrow is now over, and I only dream of seeing you; surely it will not be long first.

I will now relate a circumstance that does not do me much honour; but it will relieve me to confess my fault.

A few weeks ago, when my mother received her annuity, she made me a present of twelve ducats, that I might buy myself a new coat before you came; but as the clothes I brought with me
from

from England are yet very good, I determined not to purchase it till just before I set off for England, that I might have something new to appear in before Lady Grandison and Emilia. Last week, however, when my mother and sister were visiting a friend for a few days, a young gentleman of my acquaintance came to drink tea with me, and mentioned by chance that a bargain had fallen in his way that very afternoon. A handsome new coat, that had never been worn, had been offered him very cheap, by a person in distress, and that he should certainly have bought it, had it not been rather too little for him. Being less than him I thought that it might fit me, and enquired, with some earnestness, if he would buy it for me. Very readily, he replied; I will get it this evening. He asked ten ducats for it, but I dare say you may have it for six. Accordingly he sent it me in the evening;

evening; and I found it, as he said, very good. I must confess it pleased me. Ten ducats were demanded for it; I offered eight, and at last gave nine, convinced that it was very cheap.

I then thought how agreeably I should surprise my mother. When she returned home, I eagerly brought the coat, and asked her what she thought of it, and if it pleased her? She replied, exceedingly, but this undoubtedly cost you more than twelve ducats? Much less, interrupted I; I gave no more than nine for it. I looked at her, expecting to see her smile, but, to my great surprise, saw her assume a very serious countenance, saying, that coat is worth fourteen or fifteen ducats, and did you buy it for nine? I had a better opinion of your principles: the person who sold it was probably impelled by poverty, and could you find in your heart to give but half the value for it?—

could you defraud the poor? Would you not, every time you put it on, think with concern of him whose misfortunes you took advantage of. Ah! my dear mother, I have done wrong: you really think it worth fourteen ducats, I will instantly go and seek for the owner: my cousin made me a present yesterday, to buy something new with before I went to London; let me do justice, and give my six ducats to the necessitous owner of my coat whom I inconsiderately injured. Indeed I would not add to the misery of the unfortunate. Go, William, replied she, and let it make you more prudent for the future; a man of honour must never buy anything for less than the value, because it is always sold by a person in distress, or by some one who has obtained it in a dishonest manner, and with such, an honest man must have no dealings. To overreach a person in any respect is worse

VOL. II. F than

than a robbery, because here you do not expose yourself to any danger. A mean action is generally done to save money for some selfish pleasure; justice is the foundation of every virtue, and he who does not respect himself, will never be a virtuous character.

I was ashamed of my fault, as you may suppose, and could not be easy until I went to pay the money, and make an apology for my conduct. I found that the coat was bought of a young man whose mother was in great distress; my heart smote me when I heard of it. How glad I am my mother showed me this action in its true light; for having heard many people speak with pleasure of a bargain, I thought I had done something very clever.

I have learned from this accident to distrust my own judgment, and shall constantly apply to my mother for advice,

vice, till I have more experience to judge for myself. How painful it is not to have the means of doing good, for I now think I ought to have sent back the coat, and to have made that dutiful son a present of the money; but then my mother could not afford to buy me another coat when I want it, and I must submit to my circumstances. Farewell, my dear Charles; remember me to all my kind friends at Grandison Hall, not forgetting Emilia.

WILLIAM.

L E T T E R XXI.

EMILIA *to* CHARLOTTE.

WHAT a fright have I had, and what anxiety and distress have I gone through! I must tell you all, and I know you will pity me. We were allowed yesterday to pay a visit to a gentleman, whose seat is about two hours ride from our house. Harry, our faithful Harry, (who came to live with us again after the death of his mother) went with us.

We spent a very pleasant day, and set out again for Grandison Hall about half past five o'clock. Harry seemed rather to lag behind, and we every now and then waited for him. We were conversing some time without thinking of him, when Charles looked round, and immediately perceived that Harry was not with us. I was alarmed, and I saw

I

that

that Charles was distressed. I think I see him yonder, said he; we will return, perhaps there is something the matter with his horse. We returned accordingly, but Charles went a little before me, because he was afraid of discovering something dreadful. And so indeed it proved. Never shall I forget the horror I felt when I saw Harry stretched motionless on the ground, the horse standing by as if he wished to take care of his rider. I called out for help, not recollecting there was nobody within hearing; Charles quickly dismounted, and bid me make myself easy: easy, cried I—alone in this solitary road in the evening with a dying man. Charles had advanced to Harry in the mean time, and assured me he was not dead. I would then have got off my horse, but my brother desired me to sit still; notwithstanding this, I jumped off without thinking, and immediately the horse

ran away. My brother had pulled off his coat to lay under Harry's head. Harry still remained insensible. Imagine, Charlotte, my distress; I saw my brother was very much perplexed; but I will give you our conversation.

EMILIA.

My dear Charles, what will you do, it is dark already?

CHARLES.

I hope some traveller will soon go by who may afford us assistance. But where is your horse, my dear?

EMILIA.

My horse!—it was here just now. I was so anxious about Harry, that I did not perceive when he left me.

CHARLES.

He will find his way home; it cannot now be helped; but you should have secured him, sister, when you dismounted.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

It was very foolish, but I was so desirous to assist you I forgot every thing else.

CHARLES.

I know your good heart, Emilia.

EMILIA.

Dear brother, I am very anxious, who knows what may happen to us in this lonely road; we have nobody with us.

CHARLES.

Do not let us be too solicitous about our own safety; do you not see a fellow-creature dying near you: and can you think of the trifling inconveniences we may be exposed to?—God is with us.

He uttered this in a solemn tone of voice, and then looking at me with tenderness, entreated me to be calm. Picture to yourself now your friend Charles, without his coat, upon one knee, hold-

ing his right arm under Harry's head, and with his left softly rubbing his temples : and every now and then he turned his eyes to heaven, and I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks.

E M I L I A.

You sigh and weep in such a manner, Charles—is Harry dead?

C H A R L E S.

No, Emilia, he is yet living—perhaps he might yet be restored, could I obtain any help. God be merciful, said he, I cannot afford him any assistance—what shall I do?

E M I L I A.

Since you are not able to afford him any assistance, had we not better——

C H A R L E S.

No, we must not go and leave a man to his fate who is insensible : he would not have served us so : misfortunes level
all

all imaginary distinctions in life: he would have ventured his life for us; we must do as we would be done by. How attentive was he to me in my last illness!

Here the tears came again into his eyes.

E M I L I A.

And must we remain here all night?

C H A R L E S:

It may not be necessary; we must first think of doing right, and then leave the issue to God. Can we expect that he will have compassion on us if we show none? I should never be happy if I left this dying man.

E M I L I A.

And so you forget what our father and mother are suffering at this instant, on account of our staying out so late.

F 5

C H A R L E S.

CHARLES.

Can you suppose so, Emilia?—Oh, that somebody would come to our assistance! Try to calm your mind, my dear sister, I beseech you. I wish I had happened to have been alone, I should then have waited patiently to see the will of heaven.

EMILIA.

I am frightened—I heard something.

CHARLES.

You heard nothing but the falling of the leaves: come sit down here, Emilia, by me on the grass.

EMILIA.

We are very unfortunate!

CHARLES.

No, say not so; let us show that we are not inhuman, by thinking more of others than ourselves, who are not in any immediate danger.

EMILIA.

E M I L I A.

I will now endeavour to be easy ; but I cannot help thinking of my father and mother.

C H A R L E S.

They will think that Harry is with us, and that we are very safe.

Charles then suddenly started up, and I saw Harry struggle violently :—for heaven's sake, Emilia, walk away a little, said he, Harry is in a fit. I did so, for I was terrified. I turned round a moment, after hearing Charles cry out, Gracious God, Harry is dead, sister.—I was going to speak, but he begged me to compose myself; and then stood silently five or six minutes till he was certain the poor man had breathed his last. Charles took his coat, which lay under Harry's head, and spread it over the body. While he was doing it he trembled very much, for I held his arm,

afraid to go from him, when I saw, for the first time, a corpse. At last a violent flood of tears relieved him, and he took my hand, saying, now it is time to go—we have nothing more to do, for he is indeed dead. He made me get up behind him, as I was afraid to leave him. Oh, Charlotte, it is a dreadful thing to see a fellow-creature die! I shall never forget that evening.

We rode forward with great speed; and I could scarcely believe that we had left Harry behind, it all appeared like a frightful dream. About two hundred yards from the house, we heard two horses in a full gallop, coming towards us. I trembled like a leaf, and dreaded lest some new misfortune awaited us; but how great was my joy when I saw my father himself with Robert. I found they had all been in great confusion on account of the return of my horse, which one of the servants saw quietly

quietly feeding on the lawn. I cannot describe to you, my dear, with what fond affection I flew into the arms of my tender mother, who had undergone so much uneasiness on our account; I scarcely thought myself in safety till she pressed me to her heart—how glad I was to see all the people alive round me.

While I related the event, Charles sent a servant to take care of the body. My father said it might have been better had we returned immediately for assistance; yet he believed that he should not have left him in such a situation had he been there himself. I know you will be glad to hear that we are not much the worse for our fright, and that I am sincerely yours.

EMILIA.

P. S. Charles is to set off for Holland next Thursday. He has promised
to

to write to me very often, to make the time appear shorter. I told you before, that I hate these partings; but he will soon return, and bring our old friend William with him, and his mother and sister. Mean time I expect to have your company—do come, or I shall be quite dull.

LET.

L E T T E R XXII.

C H A R L E S *to* E M I L I A.

DRIVE away your fears with respect to a sea voyage, my dear sister, for mine has been a very speedy one, though we were overtaken in our passage by a dreadful storm. You know on shore I can talk very philosophically of a storm as highly necessary to purify the air; but on the sea, where the view is almost boundless, and one seems particularly exposed to its fury, I felt myself struck with a solemn kind of dread: it was as if the clouds were pouring with accumulated fury, from the four quarters of the heavens, to burst over our heads. Never did I observe the lightning with so much attention as in that wide extensive prospect. It really was a fearful, but at the same time a beautiful sight;
I trembled

I trembled while I gazed, I do not pretend to deny it; and the distress of some of my fellow-travellers almost infected me with fears that my reason condemned, until I began to think it was a kind of mistrust of the goodness of heaven, which I had so often experienced, when I gave myself up to unreasonable fears. I soon, then, grew more composed, but I was moved with indignation when I heard the foolish jests of two gay young fellows after the storm was over; for it appeared to me almost impious to mock at so awful an appearance, in which God made his almighty power very manifest.

When the waves began to subside, I viewed with reverence the wonders of the deep; and asked myself from whence came this lightning and rattling thunder? What causes the clouds, which consist of water, to produce such a tremendous clatter? You know that philosophers

losophers have discovered that thunder is only occasioned by the compression of the clouds, and that the lightning is the effect of this concussion. But let us change the subject.

There were amongst the passengers a respectable looking old man. I could not take my eyes off him. He had the appearance of a gentleman, but his clothes were thread-bare; and I found by his conversation that he was a Dutchman. He had laid up for himself but a slender stock of provision: my heart suggested that he must have been unfortunate; and I perceived him several times lost in thought. I endeavoured, without intruding on his sorrows, to engage him in conversation, as he spoke English very well for a foreigner. What he said was so sensible and interesting, that he prejudiced me in favour of the people I was going to visit; in short, none of the passengers pleased me so well

well as he did ; perhaps, because I thought him unhappy ; I could think of no one else. I at last drew him into conversation : we talked together during the storm ; and I offered some of my provisions to the other passengers, that I might, without seeming to have observed his scanty stock, press him to partake of mine. He then enquired if my parents were living, and, wiping a tear from his eye, he softly said, Happy are they to have such a son ! I read the thoughts of his heart, Emilia ; I guessed the source of his uneasiness. And you, Sir, replied I, perhaps you have children ? Alas ! answered he, yes, I have children—I have a son, but he has not a heart like yours ; I left him in London : heaven bless him ! may he never feel the pangs he has made me endure. I wished to have said something more, but I was afraid he might think my curiosity impertinent, as I was so young ;

young; yet I sincerely felt for him. This circumstance threw a damp over my spirits—I cannot bear the idea of those children who are ungrateful to good parents, whom, next to God, they ought to honour. I desired Robert to enquire who he was, but the captain knew nothing more, than that he was an inhabitant of Amsterdam, and in distress, for he had not money sufficient to pay his passage, and offered to leave his small bundle of linen on board, as a security for the payment, while he went on shore to borrow it. No, thought I, that must not be; but how shall I manage the matter? I was in a dreadful dilemma—it would have been almost an affront, if I had offered to make a person of his appearance a present. I went down into the cabin without having taken any resolution. At last I determined, and folded ten guineas in a piece of paper, sealed it, and wrote his
name

name on it, which I had heard accidentally. I then spoke to the captain, who appeared to be a humane man, and requested him to deliver that paper to the gentleman after I had gone on shore, but not to say who gave it to him. The captain seemed pleased, and added, that he carried him over to England some time ago, when he was in a better plight, but that he feared his wild son had distressed him in more ways than one.

Robert saw afterwards the captain give the gentleman the money, whilst I hastened forward, lest he should suspect me. Do not mention this circumstance to any one, my dear sister; my father, you know, gave me above fifty guineas to spend in this tour, and I could well spare this sum.

Sleep sound, my dear sister, and in the morning I will return to my letter, and give you some account of my meeting with my friend.

IN CONTINUATION.

It was evening when we arrived at my friend's native place; they did not expect us that day. The servant who opened the door, told me her young master was at home alone; she conducted me into a small apartment, and was going to call him down. You know, Emilia, that I love a trick in which there is no mischief; I then desired she would conduct me to the room without telling him of my arrival. I crept to his chamber door, which was half open: he was playing on his violin one of the lively songs we had often sung together when he was in England. I immediately began to accompany him with my voice: his violin was instantly silent, and he listened a moment to my prolonged note, then he darted out of the room, and soon discovered me behind the door. After we had embraced each

each other, he overwhelmed me with questions, not forgetting how Emilia looked, how she sung, &c. &c. He wished me to have some refreshment; but you know I never eat any thing between meals.

We chatted delightfully together, expecting Mrs. D— home every moment; mean while I cast my eyes round the room: the walls were hung with his own drawings; neatness and order were conspicuous in every thing. This little solitary apartment, said he, must seem to you very homely after Grandison Hall? It is just that neat simplicity which suits my taste, answered I; it is all adorned with your works; you look cheerful, and are sincere, what more is wanted to give dignity to the place? How much more honour do these drawings do you, which are a proof of your diligence and skill, than the most excellent pictures, which are purchased
for

for show, by those who do not even know their value. On his table stood a cabinet which looked so beautiful that I was curious to examine it, but how surprized was I, when he told me it was only pasteboard, which he had made himself, and ornamented with landscapes and wreaths of flowers. He told me he intended it for a young lady whom he highly esteemed. Will you listen, Emilia, while I whisper in your ear who I think that lady is—your noble self. These, said William, are my employments. I draw, read, and play on my violin; then I have my mathematical instruments and my box of tools; I declare the day is not long enough for all I have to do. And it is very happy for me that I can amuse myself, as my mother's circumstances are so confined, I could not keep company with my father's relations and friends, without leading her into expenses

penfes that ſhe could not well bear. And believe me, Charles, added he, I never will condeſcend to be *intimate* in a family where I am conſidered in the light of an inferior: of courſe I will never receive any favours in the ſtyle of an humble companion. What noble principles, Emilia! how glad I am to have ſuch a friend!

Mrs. D— returned ſoon after with her daughter Annette. My friend introduced me to his mother, ſaying, behold the friend whom I love next to yourſelf. William had reaſon to praiſe his mother, for there is a ſweetneſs in her manners that charmed me more than I can deſcribe, and a look of ſorrow that makes her very intereſting. Annette is a pretty lively girl, but her gaiety does not render her remiſs in her duty, for ſhe watches her mother's looks, anxious to anticipate her wiſhes. She immedi-
ately

ately enquired about you, and expressed a great desire to be acquainted with you.

We are going to take a walk with Mrs. D—, so I must finish my long letter: I have written by the same post to both my father, mother, and Dr. Bartlett. Across the dreadful ocean, which you fear so much; I send you my good wishes. God bless you!

CHARLES.

LETTER XXIII.

CHARLES to EMILIA.

THE order and regularity which reigns in this family would surprise you, considering they have but one servant. Mrs. D— sees but little company—a few particular friends, and the society of her children, is all she wishes for. She is always employed; and William reads to her, in the evening, history and books of rational amusement, which she comments on, and frequently repeats his father's sentiments of the various authors they read, which William treasures up, and often transcribes in a little book, which he has made for that purpose.

He keeps the accounts of the family; and, under the direction of his mother, manages

manages her little property. In the evening, just before bed time, something serious is read, and Mrs. D—, repeating a short but fervent prayer, recommends us to the protection of the Almighty. We rise early, and William and I go on with our former studies till we meet the ladies at breakfast.

Annette has no master but William: he teaches her reading, writing, and arithmetic; drawing she begs as a favour; and we all instruct her in the French and English languages; and you can hardly imagine what a progress she has made.

William's cheerful diligence excited my admiration; and I could not help mentioning it to him yesterday in terms of praise. How, my friend, said he, is it not my duty to communicate to her the knowledge that my mother has procured for me at a great expence? I am happy that I can by my zeal in this

respect, prove that I am grateful for her constant kindness; besides, is not the dear girl my sister, and is not her welfare and happiness of the greatest consequence to mine? I find myself richly rewarded for my trouble, when I see her gradually improve; and I think all elder brothers and sisters ought to do the same when their parents are not in affluence.

What do you think I have done, sister? I have given up my regular correspondence with you to William, not that I shall forget to write sometimes, but as I have many letters to write, which I must not neglect, and wish to finish some drawings I have sketched of this place, I cannot write to you in such a circumstantial manner as I wish to do, without depriving myself of the company of my friends. William, you know, has the knack of writing particulars,

particulars, and he can write to you while I write to my father, Dr. Bartlett, &c. You must answer his letters, and not refuse to write to my best friend, if you love me.

CHARLES.

LETTER XXIV.

WILLIAM *to* EMILIA.

MAY I presume to write to you, dear Miss Emilia; your brother desires me not to fear your displeasure. I have not been much accustomed to write to young ladies; you must not, then, laugh at my blunders, and I am sure my subject will interest you, for I shall tell you what your brother does and says, as I used to tell my mother.

The appearance of our country pleases him, and I endeavour to let him see as much of it as I can. Yesterday we went to Leyden, one of the most beautiful cities in Holland. We visited the university, and saw whatever else was worthy of observation. It would certainly be a matter of regret to my friend

to

to leave Holland without seeing the public buildings and other curiosities. We had very fine weather: Robert accompanied us. Your brother chose to go in one of the Trekschuits rather than in a carriage. I cannot refrain from relating to you the following adventure, which does your brother so much honour.

Coming a little too early, as we were walking backwards and forwards, we saw two young gentleman, genteely dressed, who came from Leyden, and were waiting as well as ourselves, for the schuit. They appeared like persons of rank not well educated, with that mistaken pride which leads a person to look down with disdain on those whom they imagine to be their inferiors. It was particularly conspicuous in one, whom we heard the other address by the title of baron. What a contrast there was between his and your brother's

ther's manners! Soon after came a poor Jew boy, he looked sick, and had a basket on his arm with small wares in it, which he offered to us for sale. The two young gentleman soon cast their eyes on him, and began to laugh, handing his basket backwards and forwards, pretending to look at what it contained. Great people sometimes think they may do any thing because they are rich. The jokes seemed to displease your brother not a little, and he turned away several times to avoid hearing them. But the thoughtless young men were not satisfied with a trifling joke, they pretended to buy the whole basket, and promised to pay him his full demand, which was five guilders, provided he would bring it to Leyden to the house of a Mr. Vanderk. The young Jew was exceedingly glad, and danced for joy, as perhaps he might not have sold as much in two months.

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The skipper, and a man I knew, was present at this transaction. Your brother quickly observed, that there was some cheat intended in this purchase; and, after the gentlemen had stepped into the schuit, questioned the boy, who informed him that his mother was sick, and on her account he rejoiced that he had sold the whole together: he added, that he should immediately set off for Leyden, and return in the evening with the money to his mother, who was in want of it. Charles then desired the skipper to take the boy in the schuit, and paid the fare, saying, you heard those gentlemen buy the boy's basket of wares? Yes, answered the skipper, and I too, said another man, but it is only a trick, for there is no such gentleman as Mr. Vanderk in the whole city of Leyden: they only mean to let him have his walk for his pains, and will laugh all the evening at the fine trick they have played a Jew.

The poor Jew was happy to find he was to go in the schuit, for he was scarcely able to walk on account of an ague. We then went on board, and while we were standing at a distance from the rest, we had the following conversation.

WILLIAM.

I perceive, Grandison, what your generous heart meditates; you intend to give the poor boy the five guilders, which they promised him for his wares.

CHARLES.

No, this trick, or rather vile deceit, raises my indignation; I think that they deserve to be punished, to teach them more thought and humanity in future. The haughty baron shall pay the five guilders himself, or I am much mistaken. You may recollect that I asked the skipper if he had not heard them bargain for the basket, and an honest man, you know, also offered

offered to bear witness: if I was to pay the money, it would be a kind of encouragement of the cheat, and perhaps heighten the jest. It is our duty, as much as we can, to assist our fellow-creatures, and to hinder one man from injuring another.

W I L L I A M.

You excite my wonder; I had not extended my thoughts so far.

C H A R L E S.

It is not the loss of the five guilders that will affect the baron; a person so rich, as the skipper informs us he is, cannot think much of such a small sum; but he will, at least if he has any virtue, be ashamed of his foolish conduct: it shall be made public; his own companions will blush for him, and the joke will be turned against himself.

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W I L L I A M.

WILLIAM.

I did not think you had been so severe, Grandison. Your humane heart has often——

CHARLES.

You are mistaken, William; indifference in this case would prove rather that I had a weak than a good heart. I may forgive a cheat practised on myself, and I would do it as far as was consistent with my honour, but I must, when I see a fellow-creature deceived, exert myself to maintain his right.

WILLIAM.

Many who are called Christians think there is no harm in cheating a Jew, but my mother has given me a very different definition of humanity.

CHARLES.

A Jew is a man as well as we are, and we ought no more to cheat a Jew
or

or a Turk, than we would a Christian : we must not despise, much less hate, those who profess a different religion : created by the same God, we are all brethren.

WILLIAM.

But how will you contrive to get the five guilders from the baron ?

The approach of the gentlemen interrupted us, and your brother stood musing a short time.

We were now to change schuit, and went into a public house, where we were to stay half an hour to get a little refreshment. Your brother called me aside, sent for Robert, and ordered him to pay the Jew five guilders. How, said I, you have changed your mind ! No, said he, it shall be repaid out of the baron's purse, if my plan succeeds according to my wish. When you, continued he to Robert, have paid the money,

money, bring the boy into the house, the rest will follow of course.

We then went into the coffee-room, where the two giddy young men were drinking and teasing a great dog. Robert quickly followed, with the Jew boy and his basket, for as they were in a different part of the schuit, they supposed he was gone on foot to Leyden. But I must give you, verbatim, the conversation that passed between them and Charles on that occasion.

B A R O N.

How came this boy in the schuit?

C H A R L E S.

Sir, your generosity in purchasing all this poor little merchant's ware, by the sale of which, he assists to maintain a sick mother, had such an effect on me, that I determined to pay his fare, because I perceived that he had an ague on him, which has weakened him in such a

manner that he would scarcely have been able to walk to Leyden, much less to have returned back to night. But my servant, who just now came in with him, felt so much compassion for him when he saw him so sick in the boat, that he has done a great deal more, he has given him the five guilders, and taken charge of the purchase, that the boy may return without any delay, and he will himself deliver it at the house of Mr. Vanderk.

The baron and his friend soon perceived your brother's design, and looked very foolish, and the eyes of all the people in the room were fixed on them. They stammered, and knew not at first what to answer. Your brother, with his usual presence of mind, called the skipper, and said, you undoubtedly know Mr. Vanderk, of Leyden, to whose house those gentlemen have directed the young Jew; if you will go
with

with my servant, when we arrive there, I will give you something to drink. The worst of all is, said the skipper, that in all Leyden I do not know where to find a gentleman of the name of Vanderk.

CHARLES.

That gentleman, pointing to the baron, will have the goodness to inform you.

BARON.

I do not know any gentleman of that name at Leyden: we only meant to amuse ourselves a little with the young rogue.

CHARLES.

That amusement is well worth five guilders: it is to you gentlemen the wares must be brought, and that is just the same; my servant is not afraid of the payment.

Every

Every one now began to laugh, and the baron and his friend seemed ashamed of themselves. An honest burgher, who was in the room, cried out, with a look of contempt, the prank is really well recompensed. Another pitied the poor Jew, and thought it very inhuman to have sent a child, shaking with an ague, so many miles to no purpose; for every one perceived that the poor boy would have got nothing, and after having long sought for Mr. Vanderk, he must have returned back with his wares. At last the jokers, with very serious faces, paid Robert the five guilders, and to take off part of the odium from themselves, they desired the boy to keep his basket and wares, which they could make no use of. Your brother ordered the boy a warm breakfast, and paid his fare back to the Hague.

We were then called to go on board again, and the baron and his friend were
cured

138 YOUNG GRANDISON.

cured of their airs for that day at least. What a long letter I have written! Permit me, however, to assure you, that I am your most humble servant.

W I L E I A M.

LET.

LETTER XXV.

CHARLES *to* EMILIA.

My friend William has acquitted himself so well, that I have very little more to say of our late excursion. I shall soon be with you to tell you all, as our voyage to England is fixed for the end of next month. Your brother is grown very idle, and our time is almost entirely lost in amusements. We walk, or ride, from one village to another; go to the play, pay visits, &c. Yet, now I think of it, I cannot call it time lost, I endeavour to get all the information I can respecting the customs and dispositions of the people I am now with. I shall send them to Dr. Bartlett, and as he has been frequently in this country, he will rectify my mistaken opinions when I return. Indeed,
I wish

I wish to see as much as I can, for I should be ashamed, when any one asked me what I had seen in Holland, to be only able to speak of the air, the ground, the sun, the houses, the fields, the cattle, without being able to add, that the air is warmer or colder, the houses better or worse built, the fields more or less fruitful than in England; in short, not to be able to give a discriminating account of the country and the manners of the people.

I will now give you a slight sketch. The Dutch appear to me to be sincere and honest; they have the politeness of the French without their levity. Their peasantry and mechanics are the most industrious set of people I have ever seen, and so honest, that it is as safe in the evening and night in the streets as in the houses. We hear of no duels, murders, or robberies; nor any of those dreadful vices which prevail so much in England, or of those barbarous diversions

diversions which please the mob in our country. We never hear of a boxing match for money; nor do they fight cocks, or bait bulls; so that they appear to be a mild people.

The land is fruitful and well cultivated, and the climate, I am informed, very wholesome; I only regret the year being so far advanced, that I shall not see half the beauties of the country on that account.

We are going this afternoon to a village in the neighbourhood of this place. Annette has just now left the room, after shewing me her writing, which her young master had praised. But why do not you lay aside your work for an hour, and write an answer to William? or we shall not be good friends.

C H A R L E S.

L E T -

LETTER XXVI.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

YOUR brother mentioned, in his last letter, that we were going to take a walk; the weather was very fine when we set out, but the sky looking a little cloudy, I proposed to your brother to go in the schuit. How, said he, are you afraid of a little rain, we have no clothes on that can be spoiled? Let us not guard against every trifling inconvenience: and so we went on. When we reached the village, which was rather a long walk, we went into a coffee-house to drink tea to refresh ourselves.

While your brother was reading the newspaper I walked in the garden, and saw, in a disorderly company, a young man a distant relation of my mother's, whose father the other day had dined in company

pany with your brother. We both of us then observed his melancholy countenance, and my mother hinted to us, that she feared his son's disobedience was breaking his father's heart. I was alarmed at seeing him in such company, and enquired of the landlord how long he had been there. Four days, answered he, and during that time, he has spent fifty five guilders with the companions you see. He has given me a bill for the money, signed by Mr. H— at the Hague, which I am to receive next Monday. This speech made me very uneasy, for I perceived by it he had altered his name. The landlord called him Mr. S—; and I knew his name to be Van Landbergen, and this made me suspect that the bill might be forged.

I ran to your brother and acquainted him with the circumstance. It may fairly be inferred, answered he, that as he has taken a false name, he may also have been

been guilty of forgery. Such a shameful action will bring the old man to his grave; but we must try to prevent it, let us send for the landlord; and he rang bell. He soon entered, and your brother thus addressed him: "I hear, Sir, you have a bill drawn on Mr. H—, payable next Monday; I will give you the money for it, as I have some accounts to settle with that gentleman, but you must give me your receipt, and mention that it was for Mr. S—. The landlord was glad to get his money without the trouble of going for it, and immediately wrote the receipt and received the money; he then left the room, and we had the following conversation.

CHARLES.

You think that this bill may be forged, and so do I; and if it should really prove that we are right in our
con-

conjectures, what would be the lot of young Van Landbergen, a shameful flight, or scandalous punishment; either of which would grievously have afflicted his innocent parent. We must one day give an account of what heaven has intrusted to us, and what would my account be, if I could only say, I had the means in my hands to save a good man from a misfortune which might have fatal consequences, and I chose rather to spend my money in useless diversions and selfish pleasures. If the bill is good, I shall be no loser; if not, it will be a source of perpetual satisfaction to think that I delivered a good father from the shame his ungrateful son would have entailed on him.

W I L L I A M.

What an example! There are many, I know, that may possibly, this very evening, lose above fifty guilders at billiards

or some other game, who yet would call your act of benevolence madness.

CHARLES.

That is their business, my friend.

WILLIAM.

But if you present the bill to Mr. H—, will not the forgery be made equally public?

CHARLES.

That is not my design: it is to young Landbergen himself that we must present it. You have often wished me to be acquainted with him; now this bill, if it is not a good one, will give me an opportunity of introducing myself to him in the light of a friend.

We requested the landlord to bring him into our private room, and he came accordingly, not knowing who sent for him. As soon as he saw me, he seemed disconcerted, which we did not notice
and

and your brother civilly asked him to sit down, and the following conversation ensued.

CHARLES.

It gives me particular pleasure to meet with the son of worthy Mr. Van Landbergen, with whom I dined last week at Mrs. D—'s house; and you will, I hope, pardon me, if I embrace this opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with his son.

Young Landbergen bowed in great confusion, with his eyes cast down, twisting his hat round upon his hand.

Charles seemed not to observe his confusion, pulled the bell to order a bottle of wine, and the conversation continued.

CHARLES.

Your father is a worthy sensible man, Sir. What a happiness it is to have such a father.

LANDBERGEN.

A great happiness, Sir.

WILLIAM.

You are going, no doubt, to the Hague this evening, Mr. Landbergen; we may all go together, if it is agreeable to you.

CHARLES.

It would give us particular pleasure, as we intend calling on your father.

LANDBERGEN.

I am waiting here for a friend, so that it will be late before I can go—otherwise——

WILLIAM.

Then we shall be deprived of the pleasure of your company, for we promised to be home early, and our design was to call and inform my mother that we intend to sup with your father.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Can you inform me, Sir, where Mr. H— lives; I have a small bill drawn on him by a Mr. S—: I received it from the landlord.

Landbergen looked pale at this question, and without seeming to hear him, started up and looked out of the window.

LANDBERGEN.

I fear we shall have heavy rain this evening.

CHARLES.

I do not think so, the sky looks very clear.

He then took the bill out of his pocket-book, casting a look at the same time full of humanity at Landbergen. The culprit's confusion was now very great, the bill he instantly knew, and every limb shook at the sight. Your

H 3

brother

brother offered him a glass of wine, but he let it fall, and was going hastily to leave the room. Charles, who was now fully convinced of his guilt, caught him by the hand in a friendly manner. No, Sir, you must not leave us, the sight of this bill seems to have raised a strange perturbation in your mind. Open your heart to me, I respect your father, and wish to esteem you.

LANDBERGEN.

I can say nothing, Sir, I will write to you in the morning.

CHARLES.

No, Sir, it is imprudent to write what we dare not or will not say.

LANDBERGEN.

That signature—but I beg you will permit me to go.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Shall we tear off the signature? Yes I will on condition you return with me to your father.

LANDBERGEN.

What generosity! No, Sir, preserve the signature, though not with the hope of payment. I am guilty. I must fly from my country—comfort my father.

CHARLES.

You fly—you who ask me to comfort your father. No, that single speech makes me your friend. Come with me to your father, and I shall deem myself happy in having met with you.

LANDBERGEN.

How shall I hide my shame from you?

CHARLES.

Why should you attempt to hide it? it is the surest sign of goodness to be
H 4 ashamed.

ashamed of our errors. You consent, then; you will go with us.

LANDBERGEN.

Yes—you overcome me. I am under the greatest obligations to you; but what shall I say to my father?

CHARLES.

Your father is good—he loves you.

LANDBERGEN.

You do not know all, Sir: it is now four days since I left home, and—— No, I cannot, I dare not say more.

CHARLES.

Be not afraid to open your whole heart to me; repentance expiates every fault; your earthly as well as your heavenly father will forgive you.

LANDBERGEN.

You will despise me, Sir.

CHARLES.

No; any one who goes astray, and returns again to virtue, merits our respect.

LAND-

LANDBERGEN.

Will you retain any regard for me, when I tell you, that on leaving my father I stole a small sum he had saved, in order to try my fortune at cards; I had already lost a great deal of money with the same people, whom I now wished to play with again.

CHARLES.

Yes, certainly; you weep; those tears do you honour; your heart is not bad, but it has been too weak to resist the allurements of vice in bad company.

LANDBERGEN.

Yes, I have acted a base part; and by neglecting my duty, have lost an eligible employment. And yet I never deliberately did wrong, I have always intended to reform, for I hated myself when I thought a moment; and shunned my father's eyes as if I dreaded they

H 5

would

would dart death on me. I frequently ran out, to avoid thought, and forget remorse, at the gaming-table. Nay, even when I have only gone to take a walk, and determined not to spend any money, or lose my time, the sight of one of my companions, a single word, banished all my good resolutions, and I followed him wherever he chose to lead me.

CHARLES.

The only means to conquer this weakness, is resolutely to determine to employ yourself, and never to allow your imagination to dwell on scenes which are likely to inflame it. You were formerly fond of reading, I hear, and have made some progress in music; return to those rational employments; visit us when you have finished your daily task: we have got some new music.

music. I have sometimes heard my tutor advise a young man, who, like yourself, had a good heart, to frequent the company of modest women; there are many young ladies at the Hague who will be glad of your company if you act with propriety: and their society will make you feel disgust when you mix with young people who have lost the charm of innocence.

LANDBERGEN.

But can this ever wash out the stain of a false signature?

CHARLES.

Undoubtedly it may; forget this signature, as I shall.

(Saying so, he tore the note.)

See there the small offering which I make to your repentance and return to virtue. Your father knows nothing of this: let us conceal it from him.

H 6

Land-

Landbergen embraced his young benefactor. We both observed that he was very much moved: he grasped Charles's hand, and could only say, I owe my preservation, my peace, to you.

Had you seen, at this moment, your brother, Miss Emilia, you would have been delighted. The most heart-felt satisfaction seemed painted on his countenance. We then left the house, and during our walk home, we endeavoured in vain to raise Landbergen's spirits; he appeared oppressed by a sense of his fault.

We found the old gentleman his father at home: he received us with the highest satisfaction, and was struck with astonishment to see his son enter with us. He viewed him with tears in his eyes, exclaiming, What my son! — Your brother caught hold of each

of their hands, and joining them together, whispered the father, "Forgive your son, he is truly penitent." The son could not speak, he sighed, and his tears fell on his father's hand. The father also was speechless; but soon recollecting himself, he said, how shall I interpret this deep concern! heaven grant it may be sincere! It is sincere, exclaimed the son, eagerly; see the gentleman to whom I am indebted for all this. He has saved me from shame, and raised me from meanness, by his noble generosity. I earnestly wish to distinguish myself by acting properly: speak, Mr. Grandison, my father may know all.—Your father does know all, since he knows you repent. We are both young, we have still a character to obtain in the world; let us struggle for a good one. Let all disagreeable reflections be now laid aside. You shall hear,
said

158 YOUNG GRANDISON.

said he, taking down young Landbergen's violin, how well I can play a Dutch tune.

Farewell; believe me respectfully yours.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

EMILIA to WILLIAM.

My brother reproved me in his last, for not having answered your letter. I will now write a long one to make amends; and, following your example, tell you minutely what I have been doing since my brother left me. My mother has allowed me a new amusement, which I hope you and Charles will have a share in when you return. It is a weekly concert, which our music master directs at the different houses of a select number of his scholars. He thinks, and my mother agrees with him, that it will very much improve us all.

The daughter of the Earl of B—, who is one of the party, has rendered herself very contemptible by her pride
on

on this occasion. But first I must tell you, that the music master had introduced, as one of his best scholars, the daughter of an apothecary. Haughty Lady Jane shewed great displeasure when she saw her enter. The beauty and pleasing manners of that young lady was nothing in her eyes; she was neither rich, nor of a good family; that was sufficient to excite her contempt. Miss G. the young lady in question, is really a very fine girl; educated by her mother, she has received the most useful instruction; there was a modest dignity in her manners, the very contrast of Lady Jane's haughty affected air. There was the same contrast in their clothes, the latter had on a profusion of costly finery, huddled together according to the fashion; but the former was dressed in the simplest style; it did not make you suppose she was rich; but it was so well calculated to make her person appear

appear to advantage, that you quickly perceived her sense and taste. Lady Jane snuffed up her nose as we sometimes see people do when they are afraid of smelling something disagreeable. Heaven! said she to me, what does that creature do here; I think I smell drugs. Having said so, she took out her lavender water bottle: I pretended not to hear, and turned to Miss B. with whom I chatted a little. This, perhaps, was not very polite, but I could not help it, for I despise such foolish pride. Lady Jane afterwards played an air on the harpsichord, and accompanied it with her voice in a very imperfect manner. Soon after it was Miss G—'s turn, and she sung, with great expression, a favourite song: her voice is really a very fine one, and every one seemed delighted with her performance. Envy at first was painted on Lady Jane's countenance: but it did not stop here, for she
made

made an excuse to withdraw with me. And we had the following conversation.

L A D Y J A N E.

I do not doubt, Miss Grandison, but you are of my opinion, that this girl is not fit company for us.

E M I L I A.

You have, perhaps, some reason for saying so; for my part, I do not know why she may not be one of the party.

L A D Y J A N E.

We are all persons of rank, and the daughter of a peer of the realm cannot be on an equality with a poor apothecary's daughter.

E M I L I A.

I am not the daughter of a peer, of course have not been taught to make this difference.

L A D Y

LADY JANE.

You are the daughter of a baronet, and a man of consequence.

EMILIA.

My father has taught me that virtue is the best nobility. The young lady of whom you are speaking, is allowed to be a very amiable good girl.

LADY JANE.

That may be, I have nothing to say against her character; but I repeat it, her father is an apothecary—her grandfather was an apothecary, and her—

EMILIA.

If you run on thus, Lady Jane, to the first of all our fathers, you will find that she is nearly related to you and me.

LADY JANE.

To you and me!

EMILIA.

Yes, certainly, you must allow that we are all sprung from the same father.

LADY

LADY JANE.

That is true, but let us talk seriously.

EMILIA.

I speak as seriously as I can.

LADY JANE.

It is not proper that a girl who has no fortune should force herself into the company of people of rank.

EMILIA.

Our company is not expensive, and she did not force herself; on the contrary her musical talents make her an acquisition to the concert.

LADY JANE.

But look at her dress.

EMILIA.

Her dress is certainly not rich, but neat and elegant. You may yourself perceive that she has good sense and taste, by the choice of her clothes; without
servilely

servilely following the fashion, she avoids singularity. She is besides a very fine girl. Thus God, who gives riches to some, gives to others natural endowments, which many would purchase at a high price; all come from the same benevolent Being, in whose sight virtue only exalts a weak mortal.

LADY JANE.

Miss Grandison appears to be preaching a sermon.

EMILIA.

Forgive me if I do not coincide in opinion with you; my heart is too sincere to dissemble.

LADY JANE.

I shall not dispute about her natural gifts, but I say once more, that a girl who has no fortune ought not to be put on a par with people of rank and fashion.

EMILIA.

• E M I L I A.

It would be very unfortunate that a girl, who had received a good education, should be deprived of every innocent pleasure because she has no fortune. I for my part would rather endeavour to contribute something to afford her the means to——

L A D Y J A N E, *hastily*.

Indeed you make me laugh. This is something rare, but that would not preserve her from the contempt which poverty brings with it.

E M I L I A.

The contempt which poverty brings with it, say you! you astonish me. They must certainly be very unfeeling who can shew any contempt for a well educated person in low circumstances. Such a one I think deserves to be despised.

LADY JANE.

The world thinks otherwise, and I cannot mend the world.

EMILIA.

The world then is very mean and selfish. I hope I never shall despise any one who is not vicious, and even those I have been taught to pity rather than blame.

LADY JANE.

You are *very* good; but since we must submit to the general opinion, shall I desire the music master to inform the girl, whom we are speaking of, not to let us see her again in our company—or I shall decline coming.

EMILIA.

You may do as you please; but you must allow me to tell him that I do not concur with you.—I then made her a cool curtsy and withdrew.

She

She wrote to the music master; but all the rest of the company insisted that he should not comply with such an unreasonable request, and deprive us of our best performer, who was in every respect a desirable companion. My mother took particular notice of the young lady in order to give her consequence, and told me, after she was gone, that she had not for a long time seen so modest and well educated a girl.

So ended this foolish affair. My mother and I had a long conversation on the subject; I have not now time to repeat it, but she animadverted very severely on that foolish pride that makes people neglect to attain the real personal consequence which can only arise from virtue, and value themselves on the accidental advantages of birth, riches and external ornaments, which do not constitute the pre-eminence of a rational being. These cannot follow them to
the

the grave. Farewell. Remember me
in the kindest manner to your mother
and little Annette.

EMILIA.

P. S. I opened this letter again to
enclose a few lines to my brother. Emi-
lia is a good girl, perhaps, he will say;
I am sure I wish to appear so in his
eyes.

LETTER XXVIII.

EMILIA to CHARLES.

I HAVE need of your advice, dear brother. You know that my mother designed some months ago to let me have a waiting maid, and she has ever since been enquiring among her acquaintance for a proper one; and she hired one last week who had been particularly recommended to her. But this is not all; I discovered Charles, before she had been with me two days, that she was very unhappy, and I perceived when she was dressing me that she had been weeping. This affected me very much; I attempted to comfort her and find out the cause of her grief, and at last I discovered it. Why Lucy, said I, do you cry so much; tell me the reason, my

my good girl? consider me not as your mistress, but as your friend; perhaps I may be able to alleviate your sorrows. She could not speak, and pressed my hand in which I was holding her's; in short, my pity for her, or as she expressed it, my goodness, gave her courage, and she told me that the lady who recommended her had concealed her real name. Her father had been a naval officer, and that her mother, by his death, was reduced to extreme poverty. She added, that she was now afflicted with a lingering illness without any means of support; and that to be enabled to assist her she determined to go to service, and was accordingly recommended to me by the lady who had assisted her mother. You may imagine what I felt, and I exclaimed, I will go directly to my mother, she is very compassionate. Poor Lucy held me back; for heaven's sake do not do it! keep my secret. Let me serve you; let

me have the satisfaction of finding a friend in a mistress, for what will become of me if I leave you? My mother made me promise not to mention my name; and she will never forgive me if I make her distress public.—I was at a loss what to resolve on, at last I said, I will keep your secret provided you live with me as a sister. But Charles, have I done right in keeping a secret from my mother? I wish I had not made the promise; yet on the contrary I must have parted with this good girl; but I considered again, I ought not to think of myself, I ought to persuade my mother to assist her. Dear Charles will you send me your advice, I shall not be easy till I hear from you, pray write soon. Do not mention this affair even to William.

Fly swiftly a few weeks, and bring my dear Charles to us! In the course of a month we expect to see you. My mother had several times tears in her eyes

eyes when she read William's account of you: how happy are we when our parents are satisfied with us! God certainly loves you Charles, because your parents do. And you would see that I love you if you could read my heart. Farewel my dear brother.

EMILIA.

P. S. Charles I must tell you something.—No, I will not, you like so much to surprise others, for once you shall be surprised yourself.

LETTER XXIX.

CHARLES TO EMILIA.

Dear Sister,

You must not keep the unfortunate young lady who has entered into your service, you must let her go back to comfort her afflicted mother. Emilia is much too tender and humane to bear with the attendance of an equal to gratify herself. You know my mother's goodness; excuse me, but I must say that your sensibility was ill placed when you promised to conceal the matter from her. She who formed your heart to virtue is better able to advise you than I am. Her liberality will provide for that unfortunate girl some other means of supporting her mother than that of being your waiting maid. Nay, what an honour

nour would it be for my Emilia to do without one, and give her wages to a sick widow. My sister knows well enough how to dress herself, and such a pleasing reflection would render her little troubles sweet. Let the mean spirited Lady Jane glory in having useless servants, Emilia Grandison will find more satisfaction in waiting on herself to be able to do more good. Delay not a moment my dear. Now, without any loss of time, you must mention every circumstance to my mother; how much would it distress you if the girl's parent was to die without your being able to effect your humane design.

But what surprise do you speak of, in the postscript of your letter? By whom, by what, shall I be surprized? I shall play you a trick for this. However, I remain yours affectionately,

CHARLES.

LETTER XXX.

WILLIAM *to* EMILIA.

A LETTER from Emilia—from the sister of my friend Charles—what a pleasure! you are indeed an amiable girl—how far do you outshine the haughty Lady Jane! Do not frown at the comparison or suppose that I mean to flatter you, for your brother bestowed the warmest praises on your behaviour. But perhaps our conversation may entertain you.

CHARLES.

How glad I am that my sister has imbibed such just notions; I am proud of my sister.

WILLIAM.

You have reason to be so, she deserves to be esteemed; too many young ladies think like Lady Jane, and satisfied with
a dis-

a distinguished rank, do not seek to obtain real excellence, by improving their minds.

CHARLES.

I acknowledge it, but you must have observed that nothing is more humiliating than pride; the respect that is paid to a proud person is only a mere compliment, or done through interested motives, which degrade the person who pays it. It is a mere farce to bow to a being we despise.

WILLIAM.

I believe so. I have more than once seen the lowest bow made to a haughty man, and no sooner was his back turned than he was ridiculed.

CHARLES.

And what avails their greatness and wealth to their fellow creatures, if they live only for themselves. We ought then only to be proud of virtue and
15 charity.

charity ; nay, not even of them for they are duties, and the performance of a duty ought not to excite pride. They only are truly great who set a good example to others ; a distinguished rank is indeed a blessing when it enables us to do more good.

WILLIAM.

I think a proud man cannot love his fellow-creatures, or he would not find so much pleasure in humbling them.

CHARLES.

There appears a sort of cruelty in pride. Might not a poor beggar for instance thus address a haughty rich man :
 “ How have I deserved you should look down upon me with such contempt. You are rich, I am poor ; this is your good luck and my misfortune, but you should not make it heavier by your scorn, as I certainly have not injured you. If I ask you for any thing you may refuse me,
 and

and I must be content. I undergo many difficulties; go on foot in the rain, without sufficient covering to screen me from the keen wind; benumbed with cold, and almost sinking under my misery: you, on the contrary, ride in a carriage, and feel none of these inconveniences. I bow civilly to you, and you turn away your head with disgust, while the wheels of your coach throw the dirt in my face. Your cruel contempt adds to my sufferings, when a smile would have lightened them. You despise my poverty, and force me to recollect that one man is as good as another, in order to comfort myself and not repine at my fate. If you keep your money, I shall not, I cannot, contest with you. Riches fell to your lot, and I do not covet them; but at least pity me; I eat a hard crust, but am still a man, and can feel your cruel inhumanity."

WILLIAM.

And he ought, besides, to think that the poor and miserable man whom he despises may be exalted far above him in another world, but that period appears very far off to those who live in splendour.

CHARLES.

Far off—a year, a day, an hour, a single moment may destroy all their hopes, and from a palace they may be removed to the grave; where all their grandeur shall vanish away from their sight as nothing. The rich go to their stately tombs, the poor to their humble sod; but they are no more sensible of a difference.—This conversation made me grave, Miss Emilia; and should I add any more I might perhaps continue to moralize.

We are going this evening to the play, and your brother has invited young

Landbergen

Landbergen to be of the party; he has his reformation very much at heart. Allow me to assure you that I am your sincere friend,

WILLIAM.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXI.

WILLIAM *to* EMILIA.

YOUNG Landbergen, through the interest of his father and some other friends, is again restored to his office. He seems to have a fixed resolution to adhere to his promise, and his old father is revived now he sees his son returned to virtue. What a satisfaction for my friend, who has produced this reformation. Yesterday in my presence he returned him a thousand thanks. You have taught me to know what is true happiness, Mr. Grandison, exclaimed he; I at last see that a wicked life is no life; how dear have I paid for my licentious pleasures, by my uneasy remorse. Every day I fell into new errors. Every day they produced new difficulties. What an advantage

tage to the mind to be satisfied with itself. How happy it is when in the evening we can reflect upon the day without being ashamed of our conduct. Formerly I was afraid to pray to God, because I had not sufficient resolution to alter my conduct; but now I feel that a prayer affords me comfort. I dare hope that the Supreme Being has again received me into favour. I lately dreaded the sight of my father as if he was an enemy, now he is my bosom friend. My former companions treat me with a kind of disdain, and that disdain is my triumph. Yes, interrupted your brother, it is your triumph; you have now the esteem of better men, you make your father's life comfortable, and you will not miss the truest satisfaction. I am sorry that we are so soon to part, will you allow me to correspond with you? Will I? answered Landbergen; it would make me very happy. You cannot think how
much

much he is improved in his appearance since his return to virtue, I can scarcely believe that the handsome young man I now see, is the same being whose looks almost terrified me.

Our departure for London is fixed for the 26th of next month. We often count the hours for we all long to see you. Your brother has just been making me laugh. He is the life and soul of the whole house; we shall all soon laugh together, till then adieu.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

AN officer was just now announced, and who do you think it was, dear Miss Emilia, but our old friend Edward. What an agreeable surprize to us all! Annette, who saw me shaking him cordially by the hand, ran to tell my mother, but she expected him, for Lady Grandison, as we afterwards heard, had acquainted her with his intention. I would instantly have called your brother, but Edward held me back; let us play him a trick, said he, he knows nothing of my coming. Perhaps the sudden surprize may hurt him, said my mother. No, replied Edward, I am not afraid of that. Charles continued writing longer than usual in his chamber; when

when supper was ready he was called down; Edward before had placed himself by the fire, with his back to the door. Charles entered, he knew him immediately, and moved some steps backwards, but, before he could speak, he observed Annette's smiling countenance, and determined to humour the joke. Edward, in the mean time, continued sitting, thinking he was still considered by Charles as a stranger. This produced several laughable incidents; which highly diverted Annette, and even made my mother smile.

Afterwards we spent a most agreeable evening, and Edward made me a present of a very elegant sword. I hesitated, and was unwilling to receive it; not for the world, said I; I have often heard that it forebodes a breach of friendship. How, interrupted Charles, can you give way to such prejudices? Leave them to weak minds that have never been properly

perly cultivated ; that foolish idea is as absurd as the raw head and bloody bones with which they frighten little children. Adieu, you kept your secret very well.

WILLIAM.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

WE have been in a most dreadful consternation occasioned by a false alarm, but it is now over, and has not been attended with any bad consequences. Edward was very curious to see the environs of this city, accordingly we went the day before yesterday to a village that is reckoned one of the pleasanter in Holland; the weather was that day very fine, considering the time of the year. Edward and I were conversing with great earnestness; he was particularly pleased with the high cultivation of the land, and the neat appearance of our farm-houses. Charles was some paces behind us; he stopped to assist two little children

dren who were defending themselves against a dog, that had been, as we afterwards heard, provoked and tormented by some idle wicked boys; before your brother could raise his stick the enraged cur flew at him and bit his leg. The children in the mean time ran away and the dog after them, with his tail between his legs and his mouth wide open; he rushed by Edward, who asked if I was not frightened, and we then turned round to look for Charles. We walked slowly till he overtook us; he said nothing of the accident, and we did not perceive a little spot of blood that was on his stocking.

When we entered into the village we found it in an uproar. We heard nothing on all sides but the dog is mad! the dog is mad! and, as is usually the case, every one endeavoured to make the story appear more dreadful; one said that he had bit a horse, another five cows, nay, added the

the third, it was five men. Charles looked pale, but we did not guess the cause, till he pointed to the spot of blood on his stocking, and cried out see there,—I am one of them. We then went into a public-house, but Edward would not stay a moment, he enquired where the surgeon of the village lived, and ran like lightning to ask his advice; but, unfortunately, he was not at home. Edward would not return without him, and ran to the different places, where it was supposed, he might be.

In the mean time I remained with your brother in a situation of mind which I declare I never felt before, in a sort of stupefaction; which I cannot describe. Before he sat down he put a large poker in the fire, and once or twice I heard the name of his parents escape from his lips, in a voice scarcely articulate. I went to him and caught him by the hand,

hand, exclaiming, in an agony, did you visit me for this !

CHARLES.

Dear William, here, or in any other place, the same misfortune might have befallen me.

WILLIAM.

But you, my friend, who are so virtuous, whose heart is so generous, who never neglected your duty—surely, you did not deserve—

CHARLES, *interrupting me.*

Take care, William, do not let your friendship lead you to arraign the goodness of God ! If I indeed have endeavoured to follow the good example of my father, and have been a comfort to my parents, I can with less terror view death ; if I am indeed near it. But that may not be the case, I shall take the step that reason suggests, and leave the rest to God:

W I L-

WILLIAM.

Noble soul! No, I repeat it, you merited a better fate.

CHARLES.

Shew more respect to the Sovereign Disposer of our destiny. Excuse my being a little serious with you; he who gave me being, has a right to take it away, when and how he pleases. I hope Dr. Bartlett's lessons are not thrown away upon me; with gratitude and joy have I prayed to my heavenly Father, when I have been walking alone in the country—and even now I can pray to him.

He turned his eyes involuntarily up to heaven. I sobbed, threw myself round his neck, and could not speak, it was as if my lips were sealed together. He then enquired for Edward, and when he heard that he was gone for a surgeon, he said, friendly creature! what I dread
most

most in this circumstance is suspense, but I must have patience. Should any accident befall me, William, be a comfort to my parents. I believe that the catastrophe of this disorder is described as much more dreadful than it really is; few men go mad on account of the bite of a mad dog, and I never heard of any who communicated the canine delirium to the friends or relations who attended on them.

He then earnestly requested me to leave the room for a few minutes. I was obliged reluctantly to comply; and when I returned, caught him courageously fearing the pain with the red hot poker which he had put into the fire for that purpose. He tried to conceal from me the violent pain he endured; and did not utter a single groan, lest he should increase my anguish. Edward that moment entered, in a transport, with the identical little cur in his arms, crying, There

is no danger, make yourselves easy ! Charles turned his eyes towards heaven, with a look of gratitude ; for my part I was almost out of my senses for joy. The man, to whom the dog belonged, accompanied Edward, and informed us, that the poor creature, having been provoked and chased about, ran hastily home and hid itself under a bed. The general cry at first, he owned, made him afraid, (in spite of his reason) that a dog, who half an hour before was perfectly well, might now be mad ; but that shortly after, when he enticed it from its hiding place, it was very glad to eat and drink, and he perceived that the poor creature had only been terrified by cries and blows, and did not shew the least sign of madness *. Fortunately this man lived at one of the houses Edward was directed

* In Holland, no dogs are allowed to run in the streets during the summer hot months, without being secured by a small cord.

to,

to, when he was seeking for the surgeon.

Was it not a very happy circumstance, dear Miss Emelia, that the dog was not killed in the scuffle, for we should still have remained in the most painful state of suspense, if we had not seen the animal perfectly well. You will see the dog, for Edward bought him, not for his beauty, but to make Sir Charles and his Lady perfectly easy.

The surgeon soon followed, but did not find it necessary to bleed your brother; he applied a plaister to his leg, which was very painful on account of the searing. We hired a horse that he might not be obliged to walk home on it, and ran in high spirits by his side, for I was afraid that my mother might have heard of the accident before we arrived, and I knew the effect it would have on her spirits. What uncommon resignation and firmness of mind

did your brother exhibit on this distressing occasion! Surely true courage can only arise from virtue. I always tenderly loved him, but never before felt such a degree of respect and admiration; even when he was in the most violent pain he thought less of himself than others. Dear Emilia, I know your heart will leap for joy, as does at present that of your affectionate friend

WILLIAM.

P. S. I must add a few lines to tell my dear sister that I am perfectly well. William has spoken too highly of my composure; if I had had more presence of mind, I should not have paid any attention to what those ignorant people said; I should have recollected how often I have heard stories in England about mad dogs and cats, that some trifling accident gave rise to. Tell my father

father and mother, and tell yourself, that I never before felt that I loved you all so very very tenderly. God bless and preserve us all, and may we be a comfort to each other.

CHARLES.

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LETTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

WE live now in a kind of continual dissipation ; our instruments, our drawings, our books, all are packed up and ready to be sent on board. We are perpetually in motion, we eat, drink, sleep and visit like those people who have nothing to do, and try to kill time because they do not know how to employ it ; what a miserable life must such beings lead ! Shall I tell you, that the thoughts of taking leave of my native country is very painful to me ; I must confess my weakness, dear Emilia ; though I ardently long to be in London, I feel the most lively concern. Your brother commends this weakness. • It is natural, he says,

says, and, in his opinion, we should be very unfeeling, if we could leave the country, where we have been born and educated, without being affected. Yesterday we paid a visit to Mr. Landbergen; his son still behaves with the greatest propriety; and, as the tender father considers your brother as the instrument of his darling's reformation, his countenance is always lighted up with joy at our approach. When we entered he introduced a French gentleman to us, who appeared by his dress and manners to be in reduced circumstances. There was an appearance of mildness and good-nature in his face that instantly interested us. I have frequently felt myself thus attached in a moment to a person who had a mild and benevolent countenance. Mr. Landbergen desired his son to shew us two landscapes drawn by the gentleman, in whose favour we were so instantly interested, which were really

very beautiful. We could not forbear bestowing the praises on them they so justly merited; and I felt a little vexed with myself when I recollected how very inferior mine were. The young painter very modestly received our praises, and soon after left the room. We then again viewed the landscapes, and Charles remarked that he had very pleasing manners, and very much the air of a gentleman. Yes, said Mr. Landbergen, he is a good young man and a gentleman, though an unfortunate one. He received a very liberal education, but the loss of his parents and some other misfortunes, obliged him to exert his talents in order to earn a subsistence.

CHARLES.

I pity any one who loses their parents early in life; for they are our dearest and most faithful friends.

LAND-

LANDBERGEN.

He has been here some months, and has not met with all the encouragement he deserves; his modesty prevents him from pushing himself forwards, or taking those methods that many of inferior abilities practise to obtain the name of able artists. He wishes to sell those two pictures, and, to spare him the disagreeable task of offering them to sale himself, I desired him to leave them here.

CHARLES.

What does he ask for them?

LANDBERGEN.

Thirty guilders.

CHARLES.

He undervalues them; that is too little.

LANDBERGEN.

Few think so nobly as you do, Sir; though they are certainly very well

K 5 - done,

done, and very cheap, I have not yet been able to find a purchaser.

CHARLES.

I like these pieces so well I shall be very happy to have them that I may copy them; I should be very proud, indeed, if I could draw but half as well. It is very inhuman not to pay an ingenious man the full price for his labour, or to undervalue the productions of an unfortunate gentleman.

The subject was now dropped, but when we took our leave, Charles gave Mr. Landbergen fifty guilders for the pictures; and as we walked home they were the subject of our conversation.

CHARLES.

I am glad that chance threw those pictures in my way, they are painted in a masterly style.

EDWARD.

They are well executed, I believe, but confess now Charles that you bought those pictures rather to be serviceable to the painter, than to please yourself.

CHARLES.

Pray, Edward, who made you my father confessor?

EDWARD.

You need not try to hide it, I saw you was determined not to buy a bargain.

CHARLES.

The pieces are worth the money, and it was incumbent on me to give fifty guilders for them. Believe me, he who will not, or cannot, give the full value for a thing should let it alone, and not attempt to defraud a person in distress.

E D W A R D.

Do not suppose that I mean to blame you; you are frugal and sparing in every thing that respects your own private gratification, only to have it more in your power to be generous to others; you even cheerfully bear inconveniences which you endeavour to guard your friends from; nay, you are as indulgent to them as severe on yourself.

C H A R L E S.

You are very obliging, Edward, but let us be serious. Must it not be very painful to an artist to hear his labour and trouble undervalued, by those who are unable to produce any thing like it themselves; nay, is it not unjust to endeavour to cheapen a thing, when you are conscious that only a reasonable price was demanded for it? In the present case, the French gentleman was impelled by his distress to offer them as a bargain; and

and could I take advantage of the distress of a fellow-creature?

WILLIAM.

My mother is entirely of your opinion. She has often told me that I should regulate my actions by an invariable rule of right, and, above all, never take advantage of the misfortunes of others to benefit myself.

CHARLES.

I feel a particular respect for men of abilities, and should think wealth indeed a blessing, if it enabled me to be of use to them.

We now reached home, as I have the bottom of my paper. Farewell,

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

YOUR brother went yesterday to visit the painter I mentioned to you, and Edward to read the news-paper in a neighbouring coffee-house ; I stayed at home to transact some business for my mother. Charles returned first, and was scarcely seated, when Edward ran in with great haste.—I am glad, said he, to find you at home, I met at the coffee-house, by chance, a poor Englishman. Will you assist me to relieve a countryman, for they seem to have the first claim to our benevolence ?

CHARLES.

I do not think so ; I should not ask, when I saw a man in distress, what countryman he was, whether he was a Dutch-

Dutchman, Englishman or Frenchman; I should feel compassion. But where is your Englishman? let me see him. Come with us, William. We all three went to the door, and found a young man who seemed about four and twenty, who had an appearance of extreme poverty. Your brother Charles expressed some astonishment; I suppose he had prepared himself to meet an old man, for I have often heard him say that healthy young ones, except in particular circumstances, need never want, and that their distress is generally a proof of their idleness,

CHARLES.

You have applied to my brother for assistance, my friend; we will do something for you. Who are you?

ENGLISHMAN.

My father was a reputable shoemaker; but he died suddenly, and left my mother

208 YOUNG GRANDISON.

ther in great distress with two sons; my brother went to service, and I endeavoured to get some employment in London; but after having been often disappointed, I determined to try my fortune in foreign parts.

CHARLES.

Whom did your brother live with?

ENGLISHMAN.

With a Sir Charles Grandison.

CHARLES.

Was his name Harry?

ENGLISHMAN.

Yes, Sir; did you know him?

CHARLES.

I certainly knew him, and am very sorry to find you are his unworthy brother. So it was you who lived on your poor mother, when she was a widow and in great distress; it was you who
used

used to borrow money of your brother to buy liquor with; and when you left your drunken companions, you went home and abused your aged unfortunate parent.

ENGLISHMAN.

Oh, Sir! pray hear me out; I have done all I could to get work here; and have severely smarted for my folly.

CHARLES.

And dare you hope for compassion; you who had no compassion on your own mother, for whom you ought to have worked as your brother did. He is, in my esteem, no better than a monster in nature, who forgets to honour and love his parents. Of what do you complain? Do you not know that the Supreme Being sends down his judgments upon such children as you are? Did your mother nourish you in your youth,

youth, and preserve you from all harm, to be abused by you when she was grown old, and to see you give yourself up entirely to idleness, and from idleness to vice? You are fallen into beggary, take care or something worse may follow.

EDWARD.

Go your way, all faults may be forgiven but those of an ungrateful son. He who could treat his parents with cruelty, must have a very depraved heart, and deserves nothing but cruelty from others.

ENGLISHMAN.

If you knew what I have suffered from sickness and want, and how sincerely I repent, I think that you would still pity me.

CHARLES.

What do you now resolve to do?

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ENGLISHMAN.

If I could get a little money to buy myself a coat, I would endeavour to work my passage to London and seek for my brother.

CHARLES.

You would go and live an idle life at his expence, but you will never more be a burthen to him ; your worthy brother lived with my father, and died a few months ago in my arms.

ENGLISHMAN.

Then, indeed, I have lost my only friend.—(And he bursted into tears.)

CHARLES.

No, as I respect your worthy brother's memory, I will give you an old coat of mine and some necessaries, and procure you a passage on board the packet we are

to

to sail in to-morrow or next day, but only on condition that you will promise to go to sea when I procure you a birth; I will not bring a begger back to my native country.

Your brother then gave him some money to provide himself with a dinner, for he looked half famished.

This is the last letter I shall have the pleasure to write to you from Holland; I wish we had already set sail, I feel quite low spirited at being obliged to take leave of so many friends and acquaintance.

Mr. Landbergen has just left us with tears in his eyes, and we have renewed our promise of corresponding with his son; nay, your brother said it was possible he might again see him, for that he was so pleased with his journey to Holland, it was probable, if his father made no objection, that he and I should,
some

some future time, pay them a longer visit. He said so, I believe, to comfort me as well as Mr. Landbergen. In a few days I hope in person to assure you that I am your sincere friend, till then do not forget

WILLIAM.

P. S. I must tell you that Charles received a letter from Lady Grandison this morning, with a bill enclosed in it. His eyes sparkled with pleasure, and soon after he went out without asking me to accompany him; but returned with such a cheerful aspect, that I am sure he went on some benevolent errand; I suspect to the young French painter; though I did not make any, even indirect enquiries, for I think a friend should not act like a spy, nor be impertinently curious to try to discover what another choses

chuses to conceal.—If your brother wishes to do good in secret, may he enjoy the silent plaudits of his own heart. I know already enough to make me love him, and long to follow his example.

L E T.

LETTER XXXVI.

WILLIAM *to young* MR. VAN LANDBERGEN.

I PROMISED to inform you of our safe arrival ; well, here we are in London, happy as our hearts could wish. We were received in the most cordial manner by all this dear worthy family, and Sir Charles and Lady Grandison embraced their son with fresh warmth, when they saw the little cur we brought with us : and he seemed delighted with this fresh testimony of their affection.

Our passage was very pleasant, and I cannot forbear communicating to you an instance of Charles's considerate benevolence. It is the business of a generous soul to find every where opportunities of doing good. Perhaps, yes, it
appears

appears very probable, that the Supreme Being makes choice of those who endeavour to please him, to distribute his blessings through their hands. On the contrary, in what a fearful state are those who, by their vices, are separated from God. I was struck with a remark which Dr. Bartlett once made in my presence, “Woe to those who by their evil deeds, and the misery they bring on others, seem to be His instruments of punishment—how are they separated from God and happiness!”

When we went on board the packet Charles particularly observed a man who was obliged to be lifted on board, sickness had so wasted his strength. The poor man was very much emaciated, and had a violent cough, which seemed to shake his whole frame; yet he had scarcely sufficient covering to shield him from the cold, though it was piercing weather, and his weak lungs evidently

ly could ill bear to be so roughly assaulted.

Charles did not delay a moment to enquire who he was and what ailed him. He found that the poor man came to Holland about business, and had been detained by a fever much longer than he expected ; but that being a little better, and finding himself just able to travel, he was hastening back to his wife and children.

Charles soon contrived to get into conversation with him, and observed that he must suffer very severely from the cold, for the poor wretch was afraid to go down into the cabin, his breath was so very short. I do suffer, replied the invalid, but heaven will strengthen me ; I have already, during the course of my life, been enabled to bear more than I imagined I could ever have endured.—Charles interrupted him, and pulling off his great coat, said, see now

what heaven sends you. I am young and in good health, and can bear cold much better than you. The sick man viewed him with astonishment. Edward, who was at a little distance, ran up and whispered Charles, what are you going to fight? Yes, answered Charles, a little disconcerted, I am going to fight against the cold, to preserve this poor man from it, who might, perhaps, catch his death. He then helped him to put it on, and hastily left him, not only to avoid his thanks, but to prevent any one else from observing what he termed a common act of humanity. Edward still went on, extolling his benevolence; he stopped him, saying—What have I done? Is it such a great act of benevolence for one who is in good health and strong, to give his great coat to a poor sick man benumbed with cold? One of the emperors of China, when in the field of

battle, gave his own fur cloak to one of his officers, saying, when his nobles seemed to wonder at it, that he wished he was able to give a cloak to every one of his soldiers. Should I, then, regard myself more than a monarch who looks upon himself as the ruler of the whole earth, said he, laughing; and then began to talk about something else.

Charles and Edward are gone out a riding, and I staid at home to write to you.

They are come home, I hear Charles singing as he walks along the passage—he has charming spirits.

IN CONTINUATION.

Charles entered my room;—You are writing to Mr. Landbergen, I suppose, said he, will you give me leave to add a few words; but fold up your letter, for I do not want to see what you have written; letters are sacred even as our

L 2 thoughts,

thoughts, and a friend should not take advantage of the confidence reposed in him. Dr. Bartlett has often cautioned me always to keep up a little ceremony with a friend, and repeated the old proverb, that too much familiarity breeds contempt. I have scarcely left him room to write a line. Adieu,

WILLIAM.

P. S. I have only just room to tell you that we are all well and happy. I will soon write you a long letter, in the mean time present my respects to your father, and believe me to be your affectionate friend

CHARLES.

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LETTER XXXVII.

LANDBERGEN to CHARLES.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to beg your advice respecting a plan which gratitude and duty have suggested to me. I earnestly long to make some amends for my past behaviour, and convince my father that I have now a just sense of his goodness. I contracted many debts, the discharge of which involved him in difficulties; I have now determined to save a part of my income, and have reason to think I shall soon be advanced on account of my diligence. You know that for some years he has been obliged, as the only means to support himself, to attend some young gentlemen as a private tutor. Indeed he

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made

made himself a slave to it in order to support me in my extravagance, and, instead of banishing me from his house and heart, as I deserved, he received me with open arms, when I returned, and said, Blessed be heaven, I have again found my son! As his health begins to break, I wish to persuade him to give up his long troublesome walks; and I am sure that in a short time I shall be able to maintain both him and myself very genteelly.

I have now to mention another circumstance to you since you led me to see the charms of virtue, and experience its heart-felt pleasures. I have been attached to a very amiable young woman, who has a small fortune, and I should not hesitate a moment about marrying her, only I am afraid to entangle myself with a family before I have provided for my father. Added to this, one of my relations has proposed to me to mar-

ry

ry an old widow who is very rich, and he assures me I should not be rejected, if I offered her my hand. After what I have told you, you may suppose I feel no great affection for her. Yet, I sometimes think, I ought this way to provide for a parent I have so grossly injured. I know not what to determine on; pray write to me soon, and give me your opinion without any reserve, by so doing you will add to the obligation already conferred on your sincere friend

G. LANDBERGEN.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

CHARLES to LANDBERGEN.

WITH what pleasure did I read over your letter ! how happy am I to find that you have such a just sense of your duty ! I agree with you that an old man, whose health has been injured by cares and sorrows, ought not to work for his bread, when he has young and healthy children. Allow him as much of your salary as you can spare ; it is the first debt you ought to pay. You may, by this means, be obliged to deny yourself some superfluities, and even what the world calls necessaries, but how richly will you be repaid for this self-denial ! However since you have con-
fided

fided in me, let me take the liberty to suggest to you, that you must never recede from an engagement deliberately entered into with a father. Weigh this matter well in your mind, and consider that no marriage contract will release you from this prior one; and if, after mature deliberation, you find that you have sufficient resolution to fulfil what you intend to promise, give way to that laudable ardour, which your love and gratitude for your father inspires. If not, permit him, as long as heaven grants him strength, to follow his present employment, and allow him as much as you can spare to lighten his cares, without making any formal promise.

As to your marrying one woman while you love another, it appears to me the most shocking breach of duty; and we are not to fulfil one duty by sacrificing another. I must own I do not think you can have any great chance

for happiness (supposing your affections were not engaged) with a woman old enough to be your mother. No, do not marry the widow! Have a little patience, and in a year or two you may be able to offer your hand to the girl your heart has chosen, and your father may be happy in the bosom of your family. Do you think that he could be happy if your peace was sacrificed to procure him a few of the conveniences of life? You know little of him, if you think so; he would be doubly distressed if he saw you unhappy. Believe me, a father like yours can only find his happiness in the happiness of his child; open your heart to him, and never think of marrying without his approbation. For my part, I hope never to enter into the marriage state without having my choice confirmed by the consent of my parents, who, I am sure, will never persuade me to marry merely from pecuniary motives.

I have

I have heard my father say, that a child should always choose the person he is to be united to; but a parent who has acted like a friend by giving his children a good education, ought always to have a negative voice. I shall make no apology for having complied with your request: try what has flowed from the sincerity of my heart by the test of a wiser judgment, and believe me to be sincerely your friend,

CHARLES.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIX.

WILLIAM to LANDBERGEN.

NEXT week we are to leave this house, and the very thought of it makes me sad; but our future residence is so near that I can have a daily intercourse with my valuable friends. Charles and I shall exercise ourselves together in the arts and sciences, and I shall receive the benefit of all his masters: it will then be my own fault if I do not acquire knowledge. I shall write to you often, my dear Landbergen, and you, I hope, will answer my letters. But let me now tell you, that Sir Charles is so pleased with your filial piety, that he is determined to use all his interest to obtain your father a sinecure place in Holland,

land, that you may be enabled to marry sooner than you expected. I am certain he will do something for you ; you will then have various other duties to fulfil. What a pleasure it will be to us to see you happy and respectable, when we again visit my dear native country ! But I have something to tell you of the amiable Emilia. A young gentlewoman in distress was lately in her service, whose mother has been long afflicted with a lingering disorder. Emilia, the noble Emilia, has prevailed on her mother to let her wait on herself, and give the poor widow, by way of an annuity, the wages she must have given her daughter, had she remained with her as a servant.

Farewell, my dear Sir, present my respects to your worthy father, and assure all my Dutch friends that the distance which separates me from them and my country, will never make me
forget

forget them. Sir Charles has sent Harry's brother to the farm at Grandison-Hall. He has behaved so well since his arrival in England, that we have some reason to look upon him as a sincere penitent.

WILLIAM.

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S U P P L E M E N T.

Charles Grandison still continues to improve his understanding, and practises those virtues which so eminently distinguished him and his father; and in the course of time he had the pleasure of calling his friend William brother.

May these examples excite an emulation in the minds of my young readers. May they read with attention the precepts these volumes contain, always remembering that our temporal as well as eternal welfare is only to be secured by a constant attention to our duty; and that he who loves God will also love his brother.

T H E E N D.

Speedily will be published,

1. A COMPENDIUM of the HISTORY of the
WORLD, from the Creation to the present Time,
for the Use of SCHOOLS. Translated from the
German of M. SCHROECK.

2. AN ELEMENTARY BOOK of MORALITY.
For the Use of CHILDREN. Translated from the
German of the Rev. C. G. SALZMANN.

3. ELEMENTS of KNOWLEDGE. For the Use
of TUTORS, or PARENTS, and YOUNG PEOPLE.
Illustrated with a great Number of PLATES.
Translated from the German of M. BASEDOW.



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